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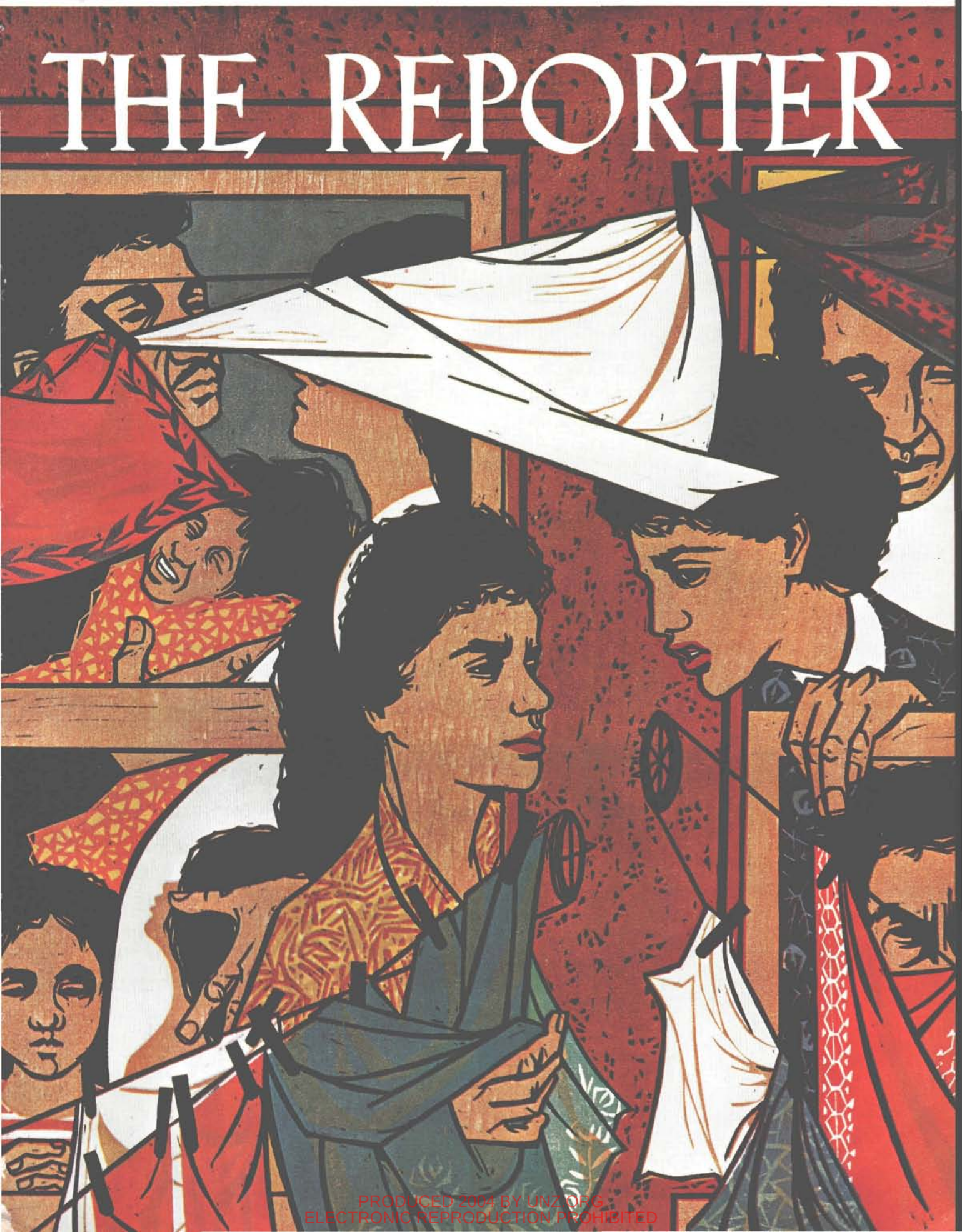

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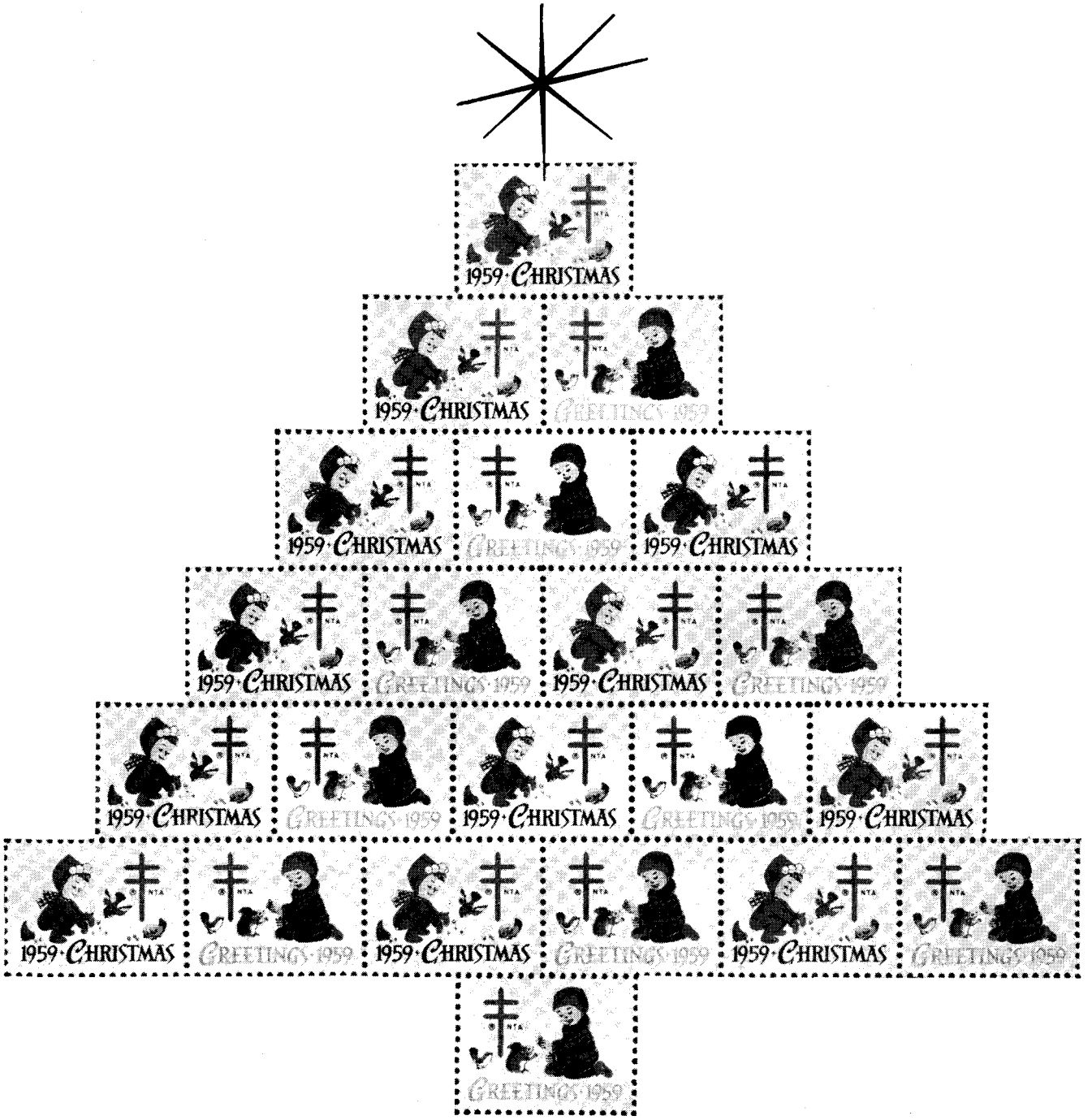

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Tragicomédie Française

If it did not provide such a bleak commentary on French politics and politicians, *l'affaire* Mitterand might be a source of infinite amusement. Just about every fact of this case is in dispute; and no one really expects that we shall ever know the truth, even though (or maybe because) the matter has now moved into the French courts. For those who have been bewildered by the newspaper accounts—and who hasn't?—here is a brief chronology of the drama.

1) October 15—Gaullist Deputy Lucien Neuwirth announced at the height of the assembly debate on Algeria that two teams of assassins had been dispatched by the "ultras" in Algeria to dispose of those who, whether of the Left or Right, supported General de Gaulle's plan for an Algerian settlement. Since Neuwirth, a loyal supporter of de Gaulle, had himself been one of the "activists" in the May 13, 1958, conspiracy that led to the fall of the Fourth Republic, his words were taken seriously.

2) October 16—In the early hours of the morning, while the assembly was voting overwhelmingly in support of the general, Senator François Mitterand's automobile was riddled by machine-gun bullets. Mitterand, a former minister of the interior who had long argued for negotiations with the Algerian rebels, was fortunate enough to escape by vaulting the railing of the Luxembourg Gardens and lying face down on a bed of geraniums.

3) October 17—Communists began to organize mass demonstrations of protest against the "fascist killers" who had tried to murder Mitterand.

4) October 19—Albin Chalandon, secretary-general of the Gaullist party, confirmed reports of a right-wing plot to overthrow the government. At dawn, police raided the homes and headquarters of right-wing leaders.

5) October 22—Premier Michel Debré announced that the government would prosecute the left-wing weeklies *L'Express* and *L'Observateur* for having stated (and perhaps having proved—the issues were confiscated, so one cannot know) that several high-ranking generals were involved in a plot against the government.

6) Also October 22—A former Poujadist-Gaullist deputy, Robert Pesquet, said in a newspaper interview that he and an accomplice had "staged" the assassination attempt against Mitterand with the latter's connivance. The point could have been either (a) to stir up public antagonism against the ultras—of whom Pesquet is one—or (b) to expose the report of right-wing terrorism as a left-wing fabrication.

7) Still October 22—An examining magistrate questioned both Mitterand and Pesquet, each of whom announced that he was filing suit for slander against the other. When confronted with Pesquet, Mitterand conceded that he had had several meetings with him before and after the assassination attempt. Mitterand argued, however, that Pesquet had merely warned him of his danger. Pesquet produced a registered letter that he had mailed to himself before the shooting on the Left Bank, describing the time, place, and circumstances of the incident.

8) The public prosecutor asked the senate to strip Mitterand of his parliamentary immunity so that he could be charged with contempt of court for having declared to the magistrate that he did not know who his attackers were. Pesquet was indicted for illegal possession of weapons. Mitterand continued to insist that there had been no connivance, arguing that since Pesquet was a notorious political enemy of his, he would have had to be out of his mind to enter on such a joint venture. At the same time, he is reported as having said: "People don't realize what an assassination psychosis this man had built up in me. I realize now that my mind must have been systematically intoxicated and that unconsciously I was operating under remote control."

9) The car from which the shooting was done has not been discovered; but it turned color in the course of the investigation.

NO DOUBT the most judicious comment on this welter of plot and counterplot comes from de Gaulle himself. "All this counts for very little in the perspective of history," he is said to have told a recent visitor. And one certainly does have a sense

IN THE HAY

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We know how to milk and we know how to plow,
  We spend all our days on a tractor;
So please, Mr. Panferov, lay off the cow:
  A girl is a better distracter.

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  For the glory of greater production,
So please, Mr. Panferov, write about two
  Exclusively bent on seduction!

—SEC

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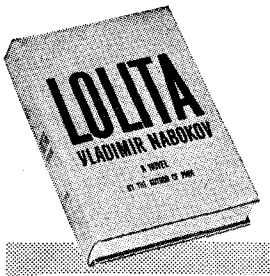

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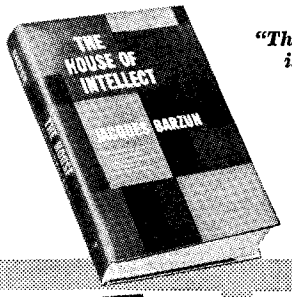

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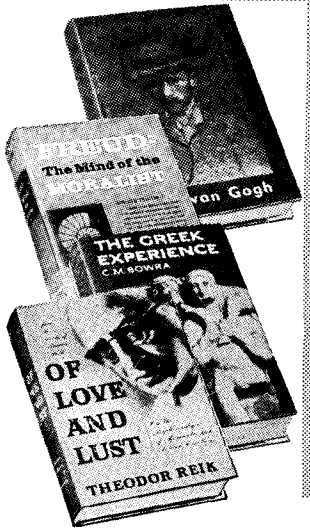

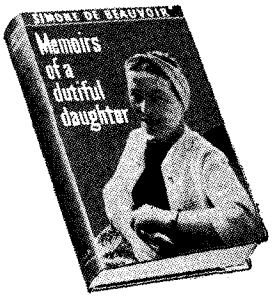

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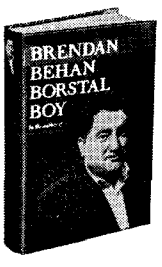

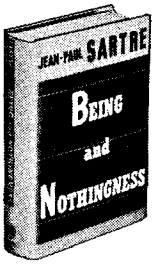

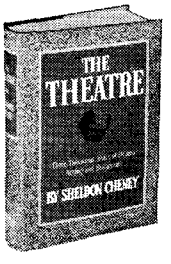

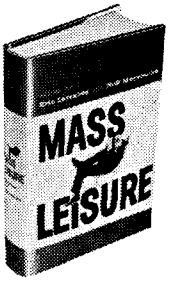

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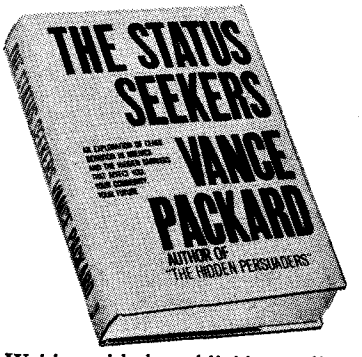

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that this kind of tragicomic scandal signifies not any really new political developments in France but rather the posthumous twitchings of an ancient conspiratorial tradition.

Despite the hullabaloo, de Gaulle's program for Algeria was overwhelmingly accepted; and the elimination from the ranks of the Gaullists of such intransigents as Léon Delbecque and Jean-Baptiste Biaggi is a happy event. In the France of 1959, bustling, dynamic, and prosperous, a schoolboy plot like *l'affaire* Mitterand is an unwelcome anachronism; and this seems to be precisely how French public opinion regarded it. The interest it has aroused is tempered by a healthy degree of boredom.

But for the Grace of God . . . ?

Newspapers and magazines, which have found themselves getting a smaller share of advertising budgets over the past decade or so, have not been noticeably reluctant to publicize TV's embarrassments about rigged quiz shows. For many of them the drama has been that of a rival mass medium on trial. Any commercial system of ostensible entertainment that places men, women, and even children in what appears to be well-nigh intolerable temptation to cheat, or at least to condone cheating, surely deserves careful study.

But to most Americans, we suspect, the absorbing drama has been not that of a system on trial but that of self-identification with the more or less pathetic heroes whom the system has projected on our imaginations. The itch that kept us all tuning in when the shows were in their heyday was the chance to measure how well we ourselves might have succeeded in the isolation booth. It's the same now, only the test is not of our memories for odd facts but of our ethics.

We Americans seem to have a morbid fascination with the idea of putting ourselves on trial this way by identifying ourselves with people in trouble. It gives us a thrill to relive vicariously the experience of one about whom it is possible to feel, "There but for the Grace of God go I." And when we have dug up the past and at least partially understood what made another human be-

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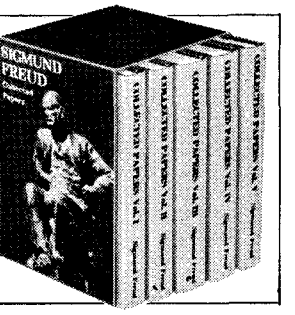

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ing act the way he did, our psychosociological approach to the ideals of justice then points to the conclusion that all of us would have acted the same way. This inclines us to indulgence toward the poor fellow who is in trouble, for we want to acquit ourselves.

At the risk of sounding preachy we would like to suggest that this is as good an occasion as any to put a stop to this kind of egocentric philanthropy. Most of us still know the difference, for instance, between cutting a few corners to accomplish our ends and lying under oath about what we have done. And as to the quiz shows, it may well be that very few of us would have refused to do, or at least pretend we hadn't noticed, something that was after all not technically illegal in exchange for princely rewards. But that doesn't mean all of us would have gone on to pretend that we were legitimate heroes of scholarship and the intellect.

Noble Motives

Despite V. K. Krishna Menon's habit of lambasting the major western powers whenever he sees an opportunity, India has established a reputation in the United Nations for an attitude of sweet reasonableness on colonial problems. In his opening statement at last year's General Assembly, for instance, Mr. Menon paid tribute to "the metropolitan countries, which, for one reason or another, and not the least for liberal and humanitarian reasons, have contributed to the liberation" of former colonies. During that same session, Indian influence in the Afro-Asian bloc was repeatedly thrown on the side of moderation. On the question of the Cameroons, the Indians broke with all the African members of the U.N. to help put across a resolution favored by London and Paris. On Algeria, Mr. Menon's position offered a rare example of that proud man's modesty. "I cannot pretend to know the solution," he said.

This year, however, the tone has changed significantly. Almost alone among the eighty-two nations, India has had rough words for de Gaulle's offer of self-determination via elections in Algeria. Mr. Menon rejected the terms of de Gaulle's plan. Instead, he declared, "we shall support the claim of Algeria for independence."

It is never easy to know what goes through the brilliant mind of that distinguished statesman. Perhaps he is acting in his country's interest. There is much evidence that the relations between India and Pakistan have been improving. It has even been suggested that their old quarrel over Kashmir may be settled in high-level negotiations between the two governments—possibly without bothering the people of Kashmir with the nuisance of elections and the paraphernalia of self-determination.

These Things Were Said

¶ We would be interested in learning the views of our readers on the revival of the lash.—*Editorial in the New York Journal-American.*

¶ Life is angry . . . life is whimsical. Life is a head through a windshield, or a monkey stealing peanuts at the zoo. Life is a chorus girl losing her britches or an Asian bandit losing his head. See it all—the laughter, the gunfire, the shattered glass, the leers, the tears, the legs, the dregs—in the newspaper that prints the kind of pictures that see all, tell all, and show life as it really is—the DAILY NEWS!—*Advertisement in the New York Times.*

¶ Selective breeding that would produce a superior human race will be advocated by Dr. Hermann J. Muller, Nobel prize-winning geneticist, at a meeting in Chicago next month. . . . He said there were two ways of achieving human improvement. They are:

A method of artificial insemination in which women are impregnated with the seeds of superior men.

A gradual method in which superior couples would raise more children than they can support and turn them over to others for adoption. "Those consenting to do this would truly be social-minded," Muller said.—*AP report.*

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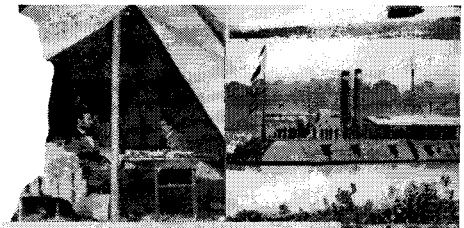

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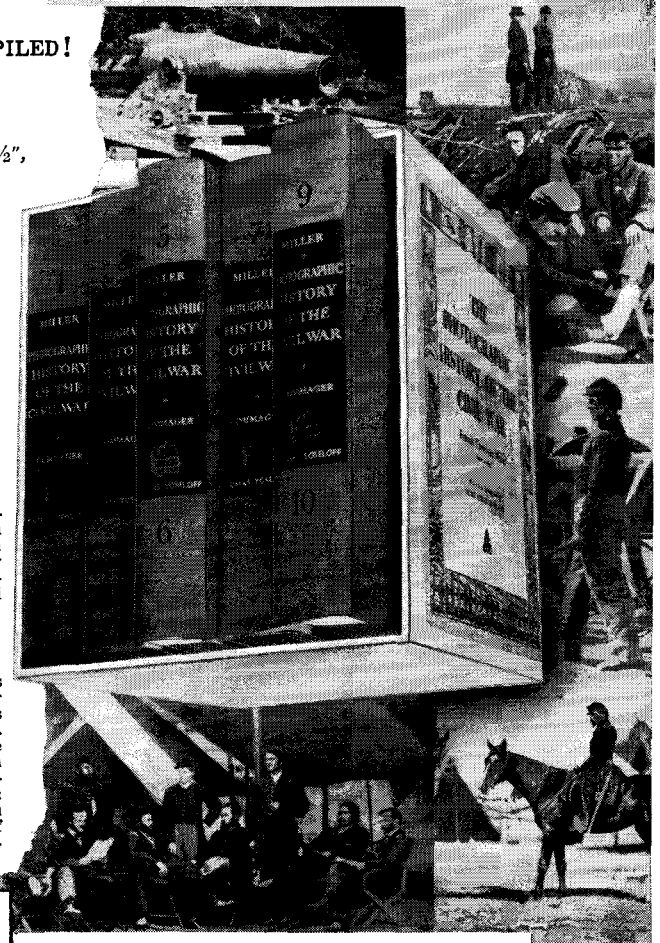

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THE VISIT

To the Editors: Max Ascoli's editorial ("Now That We've Seen Him—"), in the October 15 *Reporter* is excellent. No one else, to my knowledge, has done anywhere near as well in analyzing the implications of what Khrushchev said and did here.

CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL
Arlington, Virginia

To the Editors: As a fairly steady reader of *The Reporter*, I read the editorial on Khrushchev with shock and disbelief. It adopts the smug, triumphant, horrified air of being wronged by the behavior and expression of a man whom anyone with a mind knows to be opposed to our system.

THOMAS EWING III
New York

To the Editors: I read Max Ascoli's editorial with great interest and feel that he adopts a most realistic attitude toward the recent visit of Soviet Premier Khrushchev. I share his view that the American public should refrain from all illusions of optimism regarding this nation's relations with the Soviet Union.

It is my feeling that the American people, as a whole, conducted themselves in conformity with the wishes of the President and the Department of State, and as a result of this unprecedented visit, this country and the Soviet Union may achieve a greater degree of mutual understanding.

GEORGE CHRISTOPHER, Mayor
San Francisco

To the Editors: Max Ascoli's editorial on Khrushchev is unworthy of Mr. Ascoli and unworthy of *The Reporter*. There may be many objections to some of Khrushchev's proposals and to the way in which he presented them during his U.S. trip. What emerged from the visit, however, is that the Soviets are looking for a reasonable adjustment of the Berlin issue. And farfetched though this may seem at the present time, we may soon find that they are proposing disarmament not merely as a propaganda trick but because they find it conducive to their economic self-interest.

How do we answer Khrushchev's proposals? What will be their possible effect on our system of alliances and on our economy? It seems to me that the answers to these and other questions call for a cool and patient analysis of the issues involved. I do not find this in Max Ascoli's intemperate outpouring.

LEO BROMWICH
Sherman Oaks, California

To the Editors: I should like to express agreement with and appreciation for the thorough and realistic appraisals of the Khrushchev visit in Max Ascoli's editorial.

HERBERT HAMINEUMAN
Arlington, Virginia

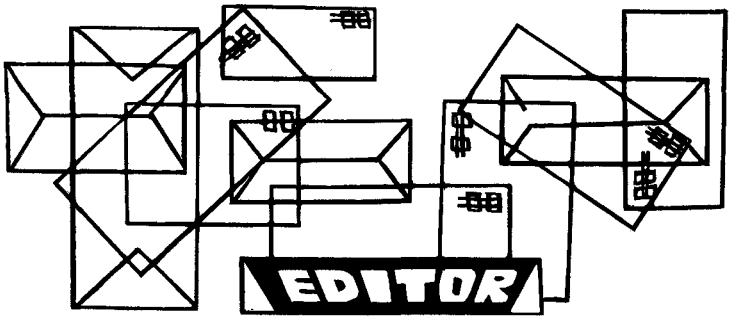
To the Editors: Khrushchev struck me, and many other Canadians to whom I spoke, as being as quick-witted, tough, and efficient as any self-made tough and efficient American business executive—and therefore a person with whom it would be possible to come to terms. (After all, eventually we shall have to do just this, or we won't be here at all, will we?)

HELEN A. PURSER
Haney, British Columbia

To the Editors: "Now That We've Seen Him—" is unquestionably the best editorial Max Ascoli has ever written. It is also the best summing up of Khrushchev's visit.

ISADOR SHAFFER
Flushing, New York

To the Editors: We used to be so sure that the forces of history were on *our* side. Soviet assertions that *they* were destined eventually to reap the harvest of history were written off as whistling in the dark. But Mr. Khrushchev was too self-confident. He didn't act like a man who was just whistling. American apprehension about the challenge of disarmament and peaceful competition may be due to our habitual suspicion that "they don't really mean it." But some of our apprehension may be due to recognition of the economic dislocations that would result in our own country if we did end the cold war, and some of it may be due to our own lack



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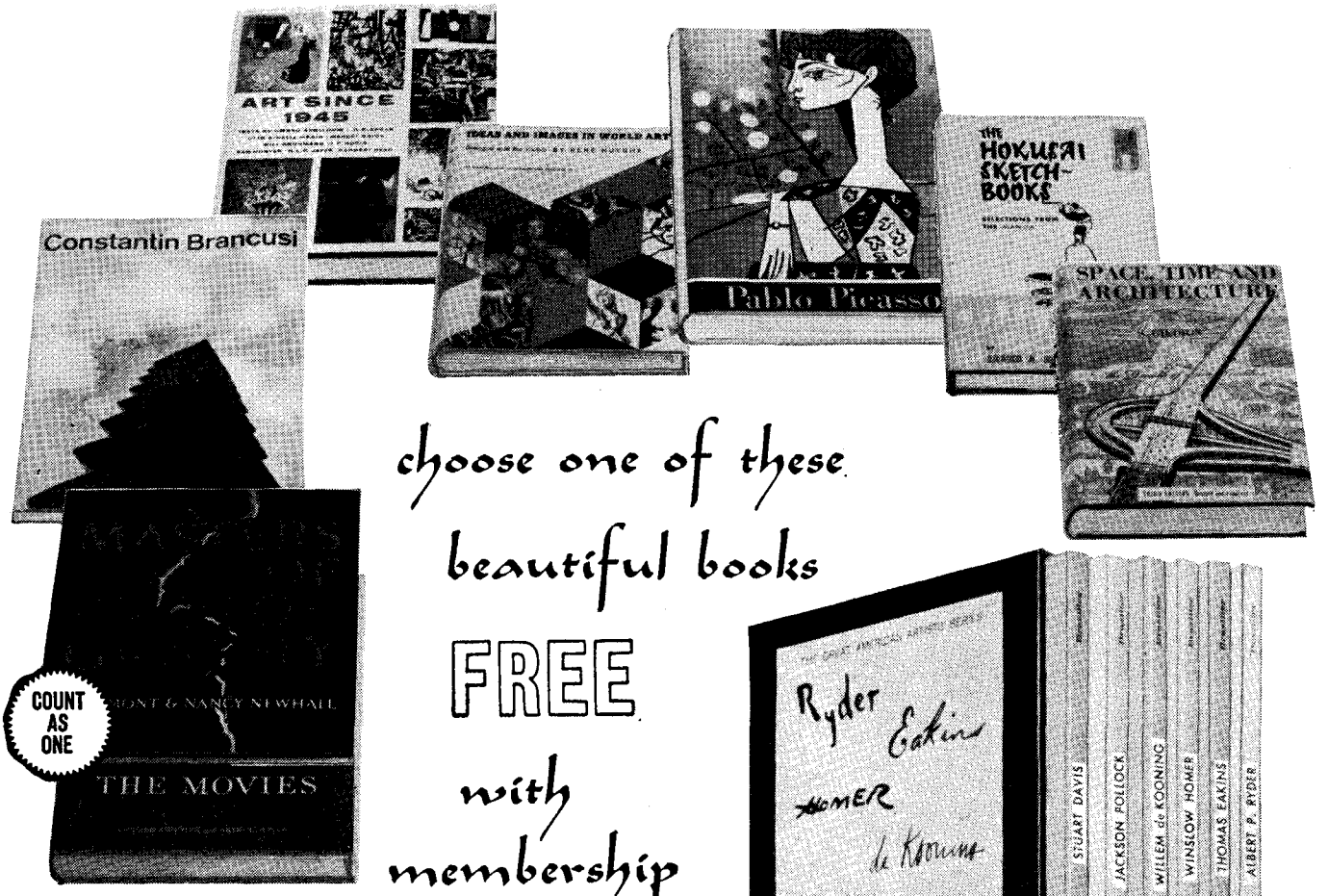

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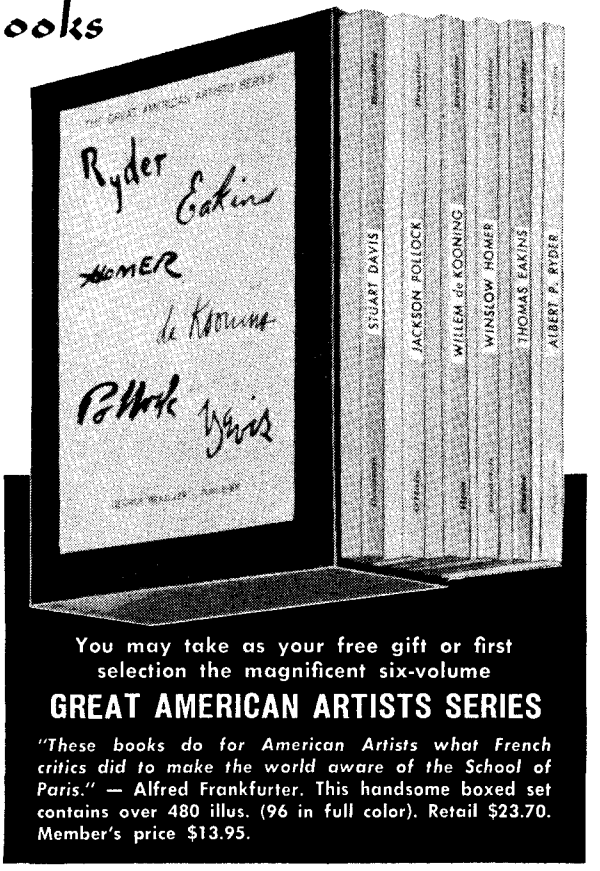

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of confidence that we can keep ahead in such competition.

Our country has apparently lost the capacity it once had for exultant, enthusiastic, zestful living. We boast, in our cold-war propaganda, about how much better off our people are than the Russian people, and in domestic politics we even use such slogans as "You never had it so good," or "Peace, prosperity, and progress." But our *characteristic* mood today seems to be somewhere between boredom and dismay. We must at least consider the possibility that this national mood could be as much the cause as it is the consequence of our inability to find a way out of the cold war.

WILLIAM R. CATTON, JR.
Seattle

CBR AND BW

To the Editors: I have read with interest Walter Schneir's article in the October 1 *Reporter* ("The Campaign to Make Chemical Warfare Respectable").

I must, however, state that I do not see in the current series of informational articles on chemical warfare a campaign to make chemical, biological, and radiological warfare respectable. It appears to me nothing more than an effort to educate people on little-known facts pertaining to this field. . . . The people of the United States and of the Allied countries know comparatively little about this field of warfare, and while it is to be hoped that we will never have a need to know, there is no assurance that Russia or her satellites will not at some time in the future use CBR in warfare. I would be more inclined to suspect those who don't want the public informed about CBR than to suspect the ones who are seeking to inform the public.

BOB SIKES
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Since last summer, that is for more than three months, a "Vigil at Fort Detrick" has been held at one of the testing centers Mr. Schneir mentions. A group of from five to twenty people stand in silent meditation along the access road to Fort Detrick in rain or sun, the participants spelling each other in shifts of a few hours. They hope to make an impact on the workers driving past them to and from work. The sign they bring along every morning when they start the vigil says simply: "Vigil at Fort Detrick—An Appeal to Stop Preparation for Germ Warfare."

VICTOR PASCHKIS
New York

To the Editors: I would like to express my congratulations to Walter Schneir for his excellent article about biological and chemical warfare. Having once visited the terrifying bacteriological warfare test center at Dugway, Utah, I am convinced that controls are urgent-

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ly needed in this area of weapons development. I should like to draw attention to a point that Mr. Schneir might well have included. I refer to the fact that the United States is the only major power which has not signed the Geneva Protocol outlawing the use of bacteriological warfare. I do not think that very many Americans realize this, but I think that if we really mean what we say about the importance of an informed public, it is essential that this fact be known.

Since the military is so anxious to promote the development of these immoral techniques, let it also give us the reason why the U.S. government will not agree to ban the use of bacteriological warfare.

E. W. PFEIFFER, Ph.D.
Missoula, Montana

BIRTH CONTROL IN JAPAN

To the Editors: Bravo for Denis Warner's article on "Japan's Empty Kindergartens" (*The Reporter*, October 15). I commend your editorial policy in printing an article so clear, succinct, and forthright, on a currently important but extremely controversial subject.

In a magazine of your scope, it is especially important and timely as a frank appraisal of one of the most pressing world-wide problems today. And it is especially important, also, because your thoughtful reading public will undoubtedly be influential in the eventual fate of the Draper Report, which covers this question in our foreign-aid program.

CATHERINE CAMPBELL
Loudonville, New York

To the Editors: In February I visited Japan on my way to India. I met with a number of women who wanted me to stay and help them. As I had not planned to do that I said that I would return. So after I had returned to Tucson and settled up some affairs, especially with my doctors, I went off to Japan, taking four teen-agers, two of them my granddaughters, and their friends. The girls lived in a Japanese home and traveled through Japan, always living in Japanese hotels, and have many Japanese songs that they sing very well.

Japan's birth rate, which was cut down fifty per cent in 1958, is really a great encouragement to all of us. We must not forget, too, that while Douglas MacArthur was in power, he allowed the Eugenics Protection Law to remain, and certainly did not encourage the people of Japan to abolish that law. The Japanese people love children, but as one woman said, "We do not love those that we do not know."

They are doing all they can to encourage contraception and to reduce abortion, but, and it is a big "B" with "but," they have a problem, not as great as India's but still a problem nevertheless.

MARGARET SANGER, President
International Planned
Parenthood Federation
Tucson, Arizona

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE STEEL STRIKE raises once again the problem of the limits of free collective bargaining in a society such as ours. While no one would casually trifle with the right of workers to organize and to strike or with the right of management to resist labor's demands, the fact remains that every right in a democratic social order has an inherent self-limitation. It is obviously inconceivable that the nation could allow a labor dispute in such an industry as steel to reach the point where the steel stockpile is exhausted and the stockpile of our freedom and security seriously endangered. But how can we make sure that such a dispute will stop short of this point? Already there are many cries for some system of compulsory arbitration to dispose of the matter once and for all. Yet, as **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, this cure is worse than the disease. Where it has been tried in other countries, it has only served to drive labor-management troubles underground. What we need, the editorial concludes, is not a theoretical panacea but new institutions in our society that would be capable of promoting agreed settlements instead of actually encouraging industrial strife.

MAGNA CIVITAS, MAGNA SOLITUDO—a great city, a great loneliness. And the Romans didn't even invent that saying but took it over from the Greeks. We today find it a little hard to comprehend what the Greeks were complaining about—their cities were so small, so cozy. But complain they did, and it is somewhat reassuring for us to realize that our own difficulties in coping with urban living have so distinguished and ancient a lineage.

Gerald Burns, a public-relations consultant and attorney, examines the extraordinary story of rent control in New York City. . . . **Nathan Glazer,** who writes on the impasse of city planning today, collaborated with David Riesman in the writing of *The Lonely Crowd,* and has just edited a volume of studies on the housing problems of minority groups for the University of California Press. . . . **William O'Hallaren,** who lives in Los Angeles, where the mayors of our leading cities recently conferred, describes the growing political weight of urban America and how it affects the national political equilibrium.

Denis Warner, who frequently contributes articles from the Far East, went to Laos for *The Reporter* to try to find out what lay behind the headlines. . . . **Seyom Brown** is the author of a recent book, *Politics and Government in California.* . . . **William H. Hessler** is on the staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer.* . . . **Madeleine Chapsal** reports from time to time on cultural events in Paris for us. . . . **Herbert Mitgang** is the author of a recent novel, *The Return,* and has an anthology, *Civilians Under Arms,* scheduled to be published this month. . . . **Alfred Balk** is a free-lance writer who lives in Chicago. . . . **Gore Vidal,** our drama critic for this fall season, is the author of the play *Visit to a Small Planet* as well as of several novels.

With this issue of *The Reporter,* **Irving Kristol** leaves the post of Editor in order to devote himself to writing; we are glad to say that he will continue to be an editorial adviser and regular contributor to the magazine. In this number, he registers a dissenting opinion on Allen Drury's best-selling novel, *Advise and Consent.*

George Steiner, a regular contributor of literary criticism to our columns, is the author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky,* which Knopf published early this year. Formerly an editor of the *Economist* and a Fellow of the Institute for Advanced Study, he is now teaching at Princeton. . . . **Sudhir Sen** is director of the Programme Division of the Technical Assistance Board at the United Nations. He writes here, of course, in a purely personal capacity. . . . The cover, a city impression, is by **Frederic Marvin.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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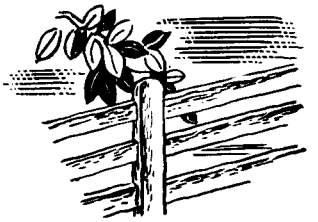

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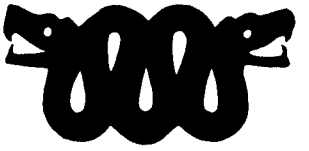

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Must We Have Compulsory Arbitration?

"This dispute has occurred during a period of growing national interest in ways of achieving both price stability and economic growth. This public interest has put unusual strain on collective bargaining, the values of which our nation also seeks to preserve." So reads the report of the fact-finding board on the steel strike the President appointed on October 9. This detailed and fair report, issued on October 19, reached the melancholy conclusion that the board could not "point to any single issue of any consequence whatsoever upon which the parties are in agreement." Its chairman, Dr. George Taylor, had already complained a few days before that "we're sure getting bogged down in generalities." He had earnestly tried to find out the basic facts of the controversy, and to act on them with his unsurpassed skill as a mediator. He failed.

The strain therefore is now on us—the public. With the passing of each day, we are getting more and more bewildered and angry. Anger can make us unfair and somewhat intemperate. Perhaps the President or, for that matter, many of us might have thought with admiration and envy of what the citizens of Viterbo did in the middle of the thirteenth century when, sick and tired of a conclave that quarreled and bickered and never got down to the business of electing a new Pope, they decided to lock up the cardinals and put them on bread and water until their job was done.

In the middle of the twentieth century, a democracy cannot be that rude. Both parties in the steel controversy are defending rights in which we all believe and whose violation and curtailment would threaten the fabric of our society. The Steelworkers have the right to strike rather than to accept conditions of employment that, according to their duly elected leaders, could be detrimental to their interests. The representatives of management have the right to secure adequate profits for the enterprises they rule. The leaders of both labor and of management have the right to disagree when they sit around the bargaining table. All these rights, however, are not absolute, and cannot be pursued as ends in themselves without doing serious damage to the rest of the community. The bargaining table is meant to serve the purpose of bargaining, and not the exchange of offers deliberately designed to be unacceptable to the other side. Neither can it be used for the stubborn, repeated assertion of ideologies.

Yet this is exactly what happened since the negotiations began. Management put enormous emphasis on the matter of "local working conditions." By insisting that the basic rules of local working conditions be defined at the level of industry-wide bargaining, management has been trying to assert a principle of a general, ideological nature. Something strange seems to have happened here. Until recently, labor has been pursuing a dual role: it has been interested in bread and butter and also, though to a decreasing extent, in broad social issues. Now broad social issues seem to have become a paramount concern of management.

Again, it is the right of every individual and of every group to do its best in order to improve its living conditions and to assert its beliefs. But a point can be reached when the exercise of these rights becomes inordinately expensive for the rest of the community. Moreover, there is no individual and no group that does not owe some of its privileges and power to the rest of the community. This protracted and exceedingly costly strike has been in more than one way subsidized by the citizenry at large. The striking workers don't have to starve, for aside from what they have saved or may get from fellow workers, they become the beneficiaries of public assistance. U.S. Steel may lose money, but it is not likely to go bankrupt. It must again be said: it is right and proper that the workers should be able to strike without the risk of starving, and it is equally right and proper that corporations should be able to make profits. But these rights cannot be exercised to an indefinite extent. All rights and all freedoms in a democratic community are necessarily limited and interdependent.

This thing has been going on for too long. Both sides can afford so lengthy a strike because of what they have legitimately earned, and because they are vital partners in our commonwealth. Whatever settlement they may reach in the end will be substantially paid for by the rest of the commonwealth. We are thinking, of course,

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of higher prices and of inflation. We are thinking also of the bitter sense of helplessness that has affected all of us not directly involved in the steel controversy, for no one can possibly be indifferent to it and to the ugly trend it announces.

Fascism Without a Duce?

Perhaps no consequence of the steel strike may prove more costly than the encouragement it has given to the advocates of compulsory arbitration. True, there are few such advocates at the present time, and moreover, those most conversant with labor problems are nearly unanimous in opposing it. Yet the argument for compulsory arbitration is deceptively plausible. When both sides in a labor dispute that affects a key area of the economy fail to reach agreement, and damage the national economy by stopping the production of essential goods, then it is up to the Federal government to impose its will. The government has the duty of preventing both parties from inflicting irreparable damage on themselves and on the rest of the nation. The unchecked right not to reach an agreement that both parties enjoy in a labor dispute may turn out to be just another name for the right to commit suicide.

The trouble with compulsory arbitration has been well stated by Secretary Mitchell in a speech he recently made in Pittsburgh: "As soon as government fixes wages it is logical that it must go on to determine conditions of work, fix hours, hear grievances and possibly eventually dictate details of production. And does anyone think for a moment that the government can determine what wages are fair and what are not fair without eventually determining what prices are fair and what are not fair? A government cannot assume the power to fix wages without eventually assuming the power to fix prices, and once the government is in the business of setting wages and prices in major industries, it is not so large a step to government domination of an entire economy."

A centralized, planned society, in which the government acquires the power to decide on labor conditions and on prices and on profits, is conceivable only if it is a totalitarian one—and it doesn't make much difference whether the totalitarianism is of the Communist or of the Fascist variety. In both cases, all economic enterprises, all trade unions, are different branches of the same bureaucratic administration. Italy had it, and what happened there is considerably more important to us than what goes on in Russia. For Mussolini's Corporative State did not pretend to do away with capitalism, and, rather than eliminate trade unions, it made unionization of all workers compulsory. It fostered a form of kept capitalism, where big business was protected against bankruptcy and all its losses were socialized. The predominance of big business was tempered by Fascist trade unions, sometimes inclined to play a Robin Hood role. As long as this system lasted, it was lavishly admired by many influential Americans, some of them outstanding liberals or educators.

It would be absurd to suggest that our country is moving toward anything resembling a totalitarian system of organization. Yet it must be admitted that more and more demands are made on the Federal government, more and more plans are suggested, all reasonable and urgent, for "massive" Federal intervention in the fields of education, medical insurance, metropolitan areas, and such public necessities as roads, parks, or hospitals. All these, and many similar demands are not only legitimate but, to a considerable extent, irrepressible. The demand for compulsory arbitration, too, can become irrepressible if we have only a few more strikes like the one affecting steel. The point may be reached where, prompted by indisputable needs, all satisfied by the Federal government, we find ourselves gently and unthinkingly drifting toward totalitarianism.

One thing is certain: of all totalitarianisms, the very worst is the one without a tyrant and without a monopolistic political party. A tyrant as the embodiment of the system is somehow responsible for it, and the monopolistic party gives it a sustained sense of purpose. A diffuse, bland totalitarianism is bound to be nothing more than a tumultuous prelude to anarchy.

What is at stake in the steel strike is much more than a labor dispute. Our country was born as a federation of states, and is now turning into a loose coalition of Estates. When two of these powerful Estates are too frequently deadlocked, then pressure on the Federal government to take them over may become irresistible. Already several years ago, the Gallup Poll reported that the people interviewed were overwhelmingly in favor of compulsory arbitration.

Last year, in a speech delivered at the University of Wisconsin, Arthur J. Goldberg suggested a way to stabilize the relationship between capital and labor. He suggested something he called a Labor-Management Assembly "as an instrument for bringing together the leading figures in American industry and the leading figures in the American trade union movement for a periodic examination and discussion of the issues which affect us all and in which we find so little common ground." More recently, in the same speech we have quoted, Secretary Mitchell said: "I believe that if collective bargaining is to work, then labor and management must discuss, frequently and frankly and outside the bargaining table, the problems and policies and principles that govern their industry and its position in the economy, as well as their own situations within that industry."

If a Federal government of effective but limited powers is to emerge from the loose coalition of Estates that is now America, if the interdependence and independence of the Estates is to be firmly established, then what these two wise men have suggested must be done quickly and—as we will have occasion to point out—on a very large scale.

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Controlled Rents And Uncontrolled Slums

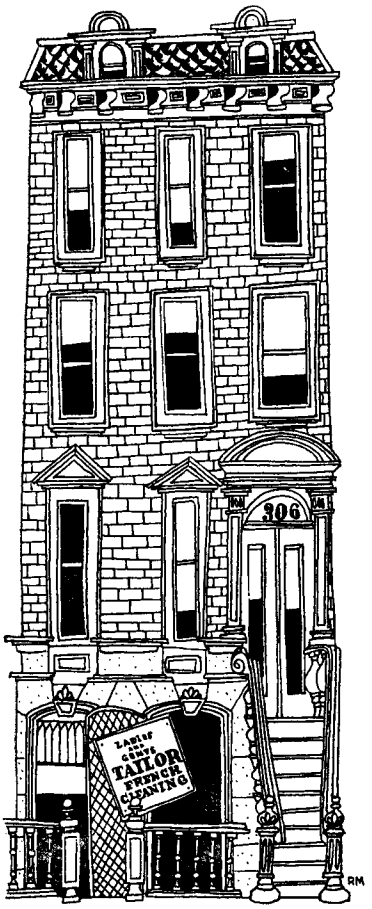
GERALD BURNS

To most Americans, rent control is past history. To the great majority of New York City's eight million inhabitants, however, the rent they were paying on March 1, 1943, has a great deal to do, for better or for worse, with the rent they pay today. Approximately two million of the two and a half million dwelling units that make up the total housing inventory of New York City are still subject to state rent-control legislation which is a direct descendant, in unbroken line of succession, of the Federal law that lapsed in mid-1950.

How has this rent control worked? The New York State Rent Commission, whose job it is to administer the law, points out that between 1940 and 1955 average rents in the rest of the country increased by twice as much (50.8 per cent) as in New York City (25.4 per cent), and that in the other comparably large urban centers they skyrocketed—Los Angeles up 68.8 per cent, Detroit up 69.1 per cent, Chicago up 85.5 per cent. Indeed, the commission estimates that rent control continues to "save" New York City tenants more than a million dollars a day.

This purely statistical analysis of the housing situation is of little solace to the desperate thousands of apartment seekers who scan the "Apartments Unfurn." columns of the New York *Times* in the apparently deathless hope that some day a decent three- or four-room apartment this side of Coney Island or Elizabeth, New Jersey, may be offered for less than $150 a month. Yet there is no reason to doubt that it is a factually accurate report of one of the effects of rent control legislation.

But there are other effects. The law—which controls services and evictions as well as rents—was put on the books "to prevent exactions of unjust, unreasonable, and oppressive rents and rental agreements and to forestall profiteering, speculation, and other disruptive practices tending to produce threats to the public health." Its purpose is to aid in the



orderly "transition from regulation to a normal market of free bargaining" which it supposes will return to New York at some future time.

Unfortunately, this supposition seems to be groundless. And the consequences of acting upon it for sixteen years have been nearly disastrous for the city. To put the matter graphically, as one frustrated city planner did at an off-the-record luncheon not long ago:

"During the last ten years or so the population of New York City has *declined* by more than 100,000 while the number of places for people to live here has *increased* by about a quarter of a million—and yet, if you'll look around, you'll wonder if we're not further up the creek than ever before—without a paddle."

Fewer people, more housing space, and yet the housing shortage is more apparent than ever. What is the explanation?

There is no question that strange things are going on in New York City. The spread in rent between the four out of five "dwelling units" which are controlled, and the fifth which (for any one of various reasons specified in the law) is not, has never been calibrated for all units throughout the city, but the spotty statistical evidence available reinforces the opinion of the average apartment seeker that it is fantastic. According to figures supplied by the Rent Commission, for example, the median rental for all *controlled* three-room apartments in New York City at the end of 1958 was approximately $41 a month. The median rental for three-room apartments in privately constructed, unsubsidized buildings (the kind generally advertised in the *Times*) completed in Manhattan from 1947 through 1956 was approximately $172 a month—thanks to a provision in the law that any new housing accommodation completed after Feb-

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ruary 1, 1947, is not subject to control.

The reason for this spread in rents is simple enough. Acting under authority of the Emergency Price Control Act of the Second World War, the OPA administrator froze all rents in New York City at the level they had reached on March 1, 1943. With the exception of what has amounted to an "across-the-board" rise of fifteen per cent, this rent base has never changed. (However, the landlord is allowed to increase a rental by a maximum of fifteen per cent every two years—provided there is a change of tenants and a new lease is signed. There is thus a large potential difference between the rental of an apartment which has changed hands several times and that of an apartment which one tenant has retained for many years. By now there may be a spread of one hundred per cent or more between identical controlled apartments in the same building.)

The owners of controlled accommodations—whose maintenance costs, taxes, and personal expenses have doubled and, in some items (e.g., janitorial help), trebled during the last sixteen years—have not accepted their plight lying down. In an effort to produce what they believe to be a reasonable return on their investments, the owners of rent-controlled apartments are apt to skimp on maintenance. Seasoned apartment dwellers in the city have grown accustomed to chilly rooms, badly lighted hallways, unswept foyers, and the biennial fight with their landlord for the decorating job to which the law ordinarily entitles them.

Frequently, of course, they go to the Rent Commission to defend their rights (nearly three thousand new cases are presented to the commission in New York City *each working day*). More often they make the best of things; after all, whatever their complaints, they know they're getting a bargain.

Landlords do not stop at poor maintenance practices, however. One of their favorite practices is the division of a large controlled apartment into two or more smaller ones. The attractions are obvious. As has been noted, the law frees from control all housing accommodations

created after February 1, 1947. This is interpreted to mean that the two four-room apartments (or, if the landlord is ingenious, the *three* "four-room" apartments) created as a result of the division of a controlled eight-room apartment are freed, and that the owner can obtain for them whatever rent the traffic will bear.

Only too frequently, the new accommodations are cramped one-room or studio apartments that (at $100 a month!) lay the groundwork for the slum of the future. If the "new" accommodations are furnished rooms only large enough for a bed, dresser, and chair, rentable at about $75 a month, the disintegration of New York's housing and the growth of new slum-born social problems proceeds even more rapidly. Today, between six thousand and eight thousand acres in New York City—an area roughly half the size of Manhattan Island—must be classified and dealt with as slums.

The Lower the Fewer

Between 1950 and 1957, the number of residents in New York City declined by about 100,000. But this was a net decline. Many more than 100,000 people—estimates have run as high as a million—left the city for good, the vast majority of these being young members of the middle-income group fleeing the high cost of urban living. Also during these same years, according to the highly conservative estimate of the information office of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico in New York, a quarter of a million migrants from Puerto Rico took up residence in the city. In addition, an indeterminate number of Negroes—probably about 100,000—arrived there, predominantly from the South and Midwest.

While the character of a substantial part of the city's population was changing so radically, what was happening to the supply of housing? Between the war and the beginning of 1957, an estimated 308,000 new dwelling units were completed and another 41,000 were added by legal "conversions." But these figures are highly deceptive. First of all, in order to obtain building sites for the new construction, nearly 80,000 units—characteristically, of course, low-rent (i.e., "controlled") housing—were demolished, sharply curtailing the supply of such accommodations. Another 15,000 were converted to other uses, some becoming places of business or professional apartments, and some rooming houses, for which the demand had grown explosively: in 1958 the Rent Commission estimated that more than a quarter of the entire population of Manhattan lived in furnished rooms. (Furnished rooms created by conversions of old controlled apartments, it should be noted, were freed from control and so entered the free housing market. A city ordinance, however, now makes this unfeasible in most cases.)

During this time as well, an estimated 100,000 existing units were decontrolled for various reasons, primarily by virtue of having been occupied by the owner for a period of one year or more—a further severe curtailment of the supply of low-cost housing.

Finally, of all new dwelling units completed in the city during this period, only about 85,000 were

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"publicly owned"—that is, for the most part truly low-cost housing planned for the lowest income groups. This was less than the number of low-rent units demolished or decontrolled.

Thus from 1946 through 1956 the stark fact is that New York City's supply of expensive, uncontrolled housing increased by about 350,000 units while its supply of comparatively inexpensive, controlled low-rent housing decreased by about 100,000.

In general terms, as the demand for low-cost housing continued to increase sharply, the supply continued to diminish; the spread in cost between it and the new, uncontrolled housing increased; and the competition among low-income groups for any kind of housing they could possibly afford became keener month by month.

Whose Million Dollars?

The statistics offered by the Rent Commission in praise of rent control now become highly significant by virtue of the omissions. No comparison is offered, for example, between rents for noncontrolled accommodations in New York City and rents in other cities where controls do not exist. The fact is, however, that rents for noncontrolled accommodations in New York City seem startlingly high to visitors from Los Angeles, Detroit, or Chicago. More surprisingly, there is no estimate made of how much money is being squeezed out of New Yorkers forced to live in much higher-priced housing than they can really afford, simply because they were not on the scene ten or fifteen years ago. Finally, no tabulation has been made of the value of human suffering—or of the cost to the city of the decay of its vast inventory of older housing accommodations.

If New York City tenants are saving a million dollars a day, where is that money coming from? The answer seems to be that it is coming not only from the pockets of landlords—landlords aren't *that* rich—but also from the depreciation of the city's buildings and the exploitation of the poor newcomers, mainly Negro and Puerto Rican, who have to pay exorbitant rents for noncontrolled living space.

The trouble is that, because the imminent arrival of a "normal market" has been presupposed, rent control has been regarded a temporary expedient and the lion's share of the responsibility for solving the city's housing problems has been left with the private real-estate operator. At his best he has been unable—and at his worst unwilling—to do the job on the conditions established for him.

He cannot provide the supply of new low-rent housing that is desperately needed to accommodate New York City's changing population. Private investors say that in view of today's construction and maintenance costs, rentals for accommodations in new, completely unsubsidized buildings in New York City must average about $900 per room per year—that is, $75 per room per month. Since the word "room" is employed rather loosely, often meaning half of a living room-dining room-kitchenette "area," apartments of fewer than "two and a half" rooms (e.g., living room, "kitchenette," and dressing alcove) are comparatively rare, and new-building rents of less than $100 per month for even the smallest "efficiency" apartments are virtually unheard-of in any of the boroughs.

No one planned it this way. What has gone wrong? In retrospect it seems clear enough that the meaning of rent control has changed since the war. Rent control was then one of the many emergency devices to combat the rapid general inflationary trend of the economy, to ensure a reasonably fair distribution among a reasonably homogeneous population of a commodity in short supply, and later, during the years immediately following the war, to help make a gradual adjustment to the realities of economic life possible for both tenant and landlord.

During recent years, however, the meaning of rent control in New York has become, literally, the control of rents at the lowest possible level without regard to the realities either of the market or of the city's special housing problem.

There have been various reasons for this shift in purpose. In the first place, rent control became a political issue. All any candidate for elective office had to do to seal his doom in New York City was to proclaim himself "against" rent control—that is, in favor of a relaxation of any of its provisions. Both candidates in New York State's 1958 gubernatorial campaign emphatically declared themselves in favor of rent control. Few people are idealistic enough to vote for a man who has promised, if elected, to raise their rent.

Secondly, the character of the city was changing radically: hundreds of thousands of members of the middle-income group were leaving, and the void was being filled by tens and then hundreds of thousands of Puerto Ricans and Negroes overwhelmingly of the lower income group. The greatest possible inventory of low-cost housing had, therefore, to be preserved—otherwise, it was feared, unimaginable chaos would result. What was overlooked was the fact that only a minority

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among these newcomers to the city were in a position to benefit from rent control.

Finally, since pressure had to be applied somewhere to hold down the lid on rents without discouraging an increase in the housing supply, it seemed wisest to apply this pressure to owners of existing accommodations in the form of continuation of "emergency" rent control. Operating under the old rules, landlords were to keep the boat from foundering until something happened somehow to complete the still believed-in, still awaited "transition from regulation to a normal market of free bargaining between landlord and tenant."

The Slum Makers

In these circumstances a landlord is under great pressure to devise ways to reduce maintenance costs and increase rents. Ordinarily he will conduct this battle according to the rules laid down by the law and the Rent Commission, and ordinarily he will survive; but often enough—especially in housing where the tenants are transients (e.g., in furnished rooms) or ignorant (e.g., recent arrivals from Puerto Rico) or where rent control and fortune have both been hard—he may be sorely tempted to cheat.

All this, of course, is at the expense of the building, which slowly deteriorates. Buildings in which the landlord is losing his battle to obtain what he believes to be a reasonable profit, moreover, tend to pass into the hands of speculators who have no respect whatsoever for the rules and no interest whatsoever in their investment except as a means of producing current income. These are the new slum makers, master grade, and they are at work everywhere in the city.

In short, almost all landlords of buildings in which most of the housing accommodations are subject to rent control are turning them into slums as fast as the tenants, the Rent Commission, and the Department of Buildings will let them do it.

One might expect that all owners of rent-controlled apartments would favor abolition of rent control, but this is by no means the case. In order to obtain the maximum possible return on their investment, many such owners have already turned their buildings into irreclaimable slum dwellings. To these people, whose cramped, squalid tenements could never compete in a free housing market, rent control is a shield and sword—in short, their very best friend.

Owners of new housing accommodations—not, of course, subject to rent control—would be equally alarmed by the prospect of a sudden complete discontinuance of rent control. Could the third of a million new dwelling units completed in New York City since the war compete in a free market with the older housing?

And, of course, there are plenty of landlords astride the fence or with very special interests, for example those whose capital is tied up in slums and luxury housing and who initiate cycles of demolition to pave the way for new construction.

ALTHOUGH many of the city's landlords, most of the tenants, and all of the politicians seem to be in favor of maintaining the status quo, it is becoming increasingly obvious that rent control, far from ameliorating New York City's housing crisis, is actually contributing to make it worse. No amount of rent control alone as it presently exists, no matter how vigorously enforced, can alleviate the shortage of decent, low-cost housing accommodations in New York City. It cannot, as presently administered, even hold the line. Indeed, by ignoring the economic realities of the market, the law as presently written and administered has actually speeded the creation of absurdly expensive substandard housing. In short, rent control in New York City has made and continues to make a new kind of legally sanctioned slums.

Does this mean that rent control should be abolished? Not at all. The sudden restoration of a completely free market would only accelerate the tendency for New York to become a city in which a comparatively few people live in luxury (or at any rate, at great expense) while most of the population live in squalor.

But if rent control cannot in fact create new housing, it might at least be used as a tool for the equitable use and judicious preservation of the housing we now have, while supplementary legislation lays the basis for a long-range housing construction program. For short of sealing off the city and establishing a dictator with absolute power over life, death, and economic resources, it seems clear that only a vast program of publicly owned or subsidized middle- and low-cost housing can provide a lasting solution.

What Can Be Done?

What revisions of the present rent-control law are in order? Some attempt surely ought to be made to ascertain, regardless of historical accident, the actual relative rental

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value of controlled housing accommodations and to provide for the gradual, orderly readjustment of rents on this basis. Few landlords would be tempted to create or maintain slums for which they can demand no more than slum rents; many more would welcome the opportunity to improve their position in a controlled competition for the tenant's dollar by improving the relative rental value of their property.

Surely, too, some effort might be made to apportion the available housing on the basis of the number of occupants—even if provision be made to establish special taxes for the luxury of underoccupancy in the crowded city. As of November, 1956, in the average controlled high-rent apartment in Manhattan, for example, the rooms-per-person ratio was 1.9—practically two full rooms for each occupant. Few young couples with their first baby, living in an uncontrolled apartment and paying an equally high or higher rent, have six rooms at their disposal. Why should this inequity be supported by the law?

Finally, some attempt should surely be made to arrange for an orderly rise in the general level of all rentals to reflect more realistically the economic facts of life today. Under the law we have seen that wildly differing legal rents often exist for identical accommodations. This, in the name of "rent control," is more than a little absurd. The effect is merely to allow someone to capitalize upon good luck at the expense of others.

THESE CHANGES would not solve the housing problem in themselves, but at least available housing would be distributed on a more equitable and socially desirable basis, the city's inventory of older housing would tend to be preserved and even rehabilitated, and the creation of new slums would not be encouraged.

With the situation better in hand, perhaps the city could face up—even enthusiastically—to the job of developing and launching a long-range program of new housing construction that would eventually achieve the goal that rent control itself never can—decent housing for all New Yorkers.

Megalopolis and How It Grew

NATHAN GLAZER

THE FIRST of nine volumes of the New York Metropolitan Region Study has just been published by Harvard University Press under the title *Anatomy of a Metropolis,* and it has received a large collection of press notices that missed the most remarkable aspect of the book. For this work, undertaken for the Regional Planning Association to the tune of $600,000, avoids the least suggestion of a plan. It presents all the facts and figures, describes the tendencies at work, indicates where these tendencies are leading—and stops right there. In this, the study faithfully reflects the present mood of nearly all city planners. With every passing year of this decade, they have become more baffled, not only about how to get people to do what needs to be done but also about just what *does* need to be done.

It is interesting to recall that thirty years ago a large group of experts were also completing for the Regional Plan Association a huge study *and* plan called the *Regional Plan of New York and Its Environs,* published in 1931. (That project cost one and a quarter million dollars.) It assumed that there would be a continued vast growth at the center, that the metropolitan region would expand by the simple process of accretion at its edges, that this outward growth would be primarily of residential quarters, and that the new jobs for these new millions would remain concentrated in the central city. And it saw the problems of the future primarily in terms of new transportation facilities—rail and road—to assist the movement of great numbers between the jobs of the center and the living quarters on the periphery.

In a brilliant critique of the final volumes of the 1931 plan, Lewis Mumford pointed out that it proposed to maintain and accentuate what was the central failing of the great modern city—the disease of "Megalopolis," the concentration of a vast number of jobs in a single center. This is what required people to crowd into their working space and to make lengthy trips daily between living quarters and workplaces. It was this concentration, too, that made residential quarters lack the traditional amenities of the urban environment, since all that was exciting and significant was concentrated in the center.

There was, according to Mr.

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Mumford, one bold answer to this problem, and that was the garden city: the planned town, designed to grow to a certain limit and to stop, to provide pleasant housing, work opportunities, and urban variety, all within a scale that was "human."

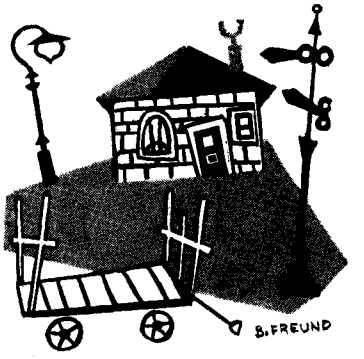
Mr. Mumford's Boomerang

When we look at what has happened in these last eighteen years, we are confronted with a startling irony. For Mr. Mumford had been convinced that the private economic forces which the Regional Plan studied with such care and respect, and whose natural tendencies it in effect rationalized, would inevitably lead to the kind of city the plan envisioned. But, as we may discover from a reading of *Anatomy of a Metropolis,* these blind economic forces are now breaking up the concentrated economic pattern of the metropolis and producing something that is very like a parody of Mr. Mumford's ideal.

To begin with, the concentration of jobs and people at the center is thinning out. There has been an actual decline in the numbers of people living in Manhattan. This decline affects almost every part of the borough. Large parts of the Bronx and Brooklyn are also losing population along with retail and even wholesale trade. True, the number of manufacturing jobs in Manhattan and the rest of the city has been maintained in absolute terms, but the outlying areas have attracted new industry at a much more rapid rate. And we should not be deceived, the book warns us, by the skyscraper boom in Manhattan: it is based on the tendency of corporations to locate main offices in New York, and since at these levels each worker tends to take up more space, in accord with his greater importance in the corporate hierarchy, the increase in office space has not been accompanied by as great an increase in office jobs.

What the 1931 plan foresaw and what Mr. Mumford feared—the growth of pure and simple residential quarters at greater and greater distances from the city, requiring ever longer trips from dormitory to the factory or office—simply has not taken place. More and more people both live and work in the outer counties of the metropolitan region, outside the boundaries of New York City proper, and all signs suggest that the thinning-out process will continue.

In other words, the play of blind economic forces has produced, totally without any effort at central planning or foresight, something like a bastard version of the garden city. Instead of an unending extension of streets and sewers and building plots, we have the builder-designed development, often with curving streets and a modicum of landscaping, with natural boundaries of some kind—in some sense a "planned" community. Since such developments need large tracts of open land, there has been a certain amount of leapfrogging out to get it—and if they are not surrounded by greenbelts,



they are at least surrounded by relatively open land. Often shopping centers are built in association with such a development or adjacent to two or three; some of them are well designed, and many (as in the case of the developments of Victor Gruen and others) go far toward fulfilling the functions of the town square or community center of a garden city. Thus, a complex of housing, retail facilities, and jobs grows up far from the city center, creating an area in which there is relatively less movement from periphery to center and more between points on the periphery.

The Pygmies Are in Charge

What then is lacking? What is wrong with this pattern of urban growth? Obviously a great many things are wrong.

Many of the most urgent political problems of Megalopolis are left unsolved for the simple reason that no single seat of government is willing and able to cope with them. The unplanned satellite communities are growing up far outside the borders of New York City proper, and the metropolitan area extends into three states. Nevertheless, since the Federal government is rarely involved except as the object of pleas for money, the fate of expanding American cities is generally left, willy-nilly, in the hands of state governments—which are so used to exploiting the big cities for the benefit of "Upstate" that they are generally incapable of any serious thought on the matter. Thus we have such acts of political cretinism as the state of Massachusetts allowing the Old Colony line, which brought thousands of commuters into Boston from an area entirely within Massachusetts, to abandon its services and go out of business. The Pygmies are in charge of the giants.

WHEN New York's seven million included seventy per cent of the population of its metropolitan region (as in 1931) it was still possible for its well-to-do outskirts to contribute to the solving of problems created by poor people and old housing in its center. Today its eight million constitute only fifty per cent of the region, and the people who used to pay the taxes are now under other political jurisdictions. Simultaneously the percentage of criminals, paupers, juvenile delinquents, unwed mothers, and dope addicts increases. Such people are expensive, in terms of relief, police, education, sanitation, etc., and it is the central city, where they congregate, that must bear the cost.

Moreover, the swollen population of the entire metropolitan area cannot be prevented from *using* the city —its transportation facilities above all. These people have come to the metropolitan area because the city is there. The centers of our social, economic, and cultural interests do not increase as the population increases. In fact they may decrease, and so more and more people concentrate around the remaining crowded centers.

Technological advance permits a good deal of our economic life to be conducted anywhere, but this has

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not meant the creation of new metropolitan areas. Rather, it has meant the incredible growth of a few, and the development of population agglomerations such as the world has never seen.

THE CONSTANT PRESSURE of the mammoth metropolitan area upon the city is obviously not going to cease—quite the contrary. Apparently a good many of us prefer it that way. We can still build garden cities, of course, but it is very hard to see how they are to be kept from being swallowed up in the sea of Megalopolis.

Queen Elizabeth, concerned over the enormous growth of London at the end of the sixteenth century, forbade anyone to move into the city. No one would suggest that remedy today. Yet short of that, there seem to be no over-all solutions to the problems of Megalopolis.

But even so, life can certainly be made more bearable, and most easily at the points where we suffer most intensely. Something can and ought to be done to prevent the collapse of the commuter railroads. It will require energy and planning and foresight and very likely the creation of special supramunicipal and supra-state agencies. Such agencies run up against local interests, local pride, local prejudice. But the need for them is so pressing that it is likely progress of a sort will be made in the coming years.

Something can be done, too, to move the slum dwellers out from the center and through other sections of the metropolitan area. This seems to be a harder task, and yet one of the encouraging things in *Anatomy of a Metropolis* is its strong suggestion that this will probably happen as the older housing of areas now far from the center becomes accessible to lower-income groups and as industry continues its tendency to locate in the periphery. Certainly the process can be encouraged, and if it were possible to get more public housing built away from the center, that also would help.

Even such comparatively modest steps will cost a good deal of money. But that is a problem of the political will, not the planner's blueprint.

A Fair Share for the Cities

WILLIAM O'HALLAREN

SOME TIME AFTER the census of 1960 is completed, the Eighth Congressional District of Iowa will disappear. Ever since it was created in 1870, its congressmen have left their county-seat law offices and Main Street stores to go to Washington to help the farmer and fight the farmer's enemies, whoever they might be. The incumbent since 1943, Charles B. Hoeven, like his predecessors has also found time to keep a wary eye on union labor and sinful foreign intrigues.

At the moment the Eighth of Iowa disappears, the masses of development houses and garish shopping centers jumbled into the northern and western reaches of the San Fernando Valley of Los Angeles will get a congressman of their own. Unlike the farmers of Iowa, these Californians have never really had a say in Congress. In 1950, when their section of the state was mostly bean-fields, it was joined to California's Twenty-first, a district that primarily serves the ranches of the vast Antelope Valley and the retired oilmen who dominate such prosperous communities as Sierra Madre and Altadena. The congressman from the Twenty-first, Edgar Hiestand, is foursquare for a breakup of the big unions, a return to the gold standard, and a general improvement in the conditions of life for oilmen and ranchers. The new lot owners who have filled his district in the past few years have been slow to register and are confused about party identities, making it easy for the established elements of the district to continue returning Mr. Hiestand.

But reapportionment will give the developments one of four new members for Southern California, one of seven new ones for the state, all going to urban districts. There is no telling who their new congressman will be, but it is a safe bet that he will vote for things that would not interest Mr. Hoeven of Iowa. The new congressman, if he values survival, will go to Washington to see if there is anything he can do about living costs, smog, traffic, and the crushing burden of welfare costs on bankrupt city treasuries.

The new man, whatever his party, will know that most of his constituents are defense or factory workers living from pay check to pay check. He will be tolerant of unions, and when he talks with shoppers on the crowded sidewalks of Panorama City he will appreciate their concern over $1.29 round steak and 6½ per cent home loans. He will look at the traffic jams on Van Nuys Boulevard and smell the drifting smog, and he will still be seeing and smelling them when he gets to Washington.

Cities Have to Spend

There are many reasons to believe that a genuine shift of political power toward the cities is under

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way, a shift that will be a dominant factor in the politics and economics of the next several decades. The Congress that follows the forthcoming reapportionment will be more urban-minded than any in the nation's history, and the same must be true of the President who takes office in 1961.

It is not merely that the sheer weight of urban numbers is being felt inexorably. It is more that the cities are in a frightful mess and in their desperation are forcing the Federal government to come to their rescue. As things stand now, city governments are somewhat like the oldest children of abandoned families. They have been forced to take on a vast number of responsibilities they haven't the money or resources to handle, and they have reached the point where something's got to give.

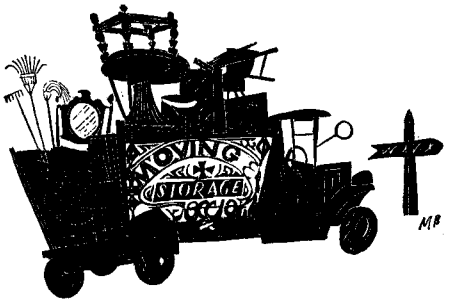
The city is called on to care for the sick and the helpless. It must house multitudes, move their traffic, stop their fights, and carry away their trash. The city must take away switchblade knives and see that everyone gets the Salk shots. The city watches its center crumble with blight and decay while its extremities grow in cancerous uncontrol and the haze of pollution grows thicker and nastier.

IT IS NOT ENOUGH, as some prominent political personages seem to think, to wag an admonishing finger at the cities and cry, "You there, straighten up!" The cities aren't straightening up because they haven't got the money, and the main reason they haven't got the money is that state and Federal taxes are gobbling up most of the available revenue.

Basically a city can raise important revenue only through sales and property taxes, and both these sources are reaching the point of diminishing returns. In such cities as Los Angeles the property tax on a comparatively modest development home will be $500 a year, more than an Iowan pays on a highly productive farm. When urban property taxes reach certain levels, homeowners move to the suburbs, no matter how far away, and the value of the forsaken home shrinks accordingly.

The cities have done their penny-grabbing best with the sales tax, but again there is a limit. When a city sales tax reaches a certain point, it becomes worthwhile to drive to a suburb for a new appliance or even a new pair of shoes, and again the law of diminishing returns is at work.

In the past five years the Federal budget has climbed from $66 billion to $80 billion, a fairly modest twenty per cent increase. During that time the budgets of the principal cities have risen from $6 billion to $9.2 billion, a fifty-two per cent increase. The Federal debt, for which the costs of two vast wars are responsible, is about three and a half times the budget. For many cities the debt may run to fifty or a hundred times the budget.



These increased city taxes and borrowings haven't been used for any frontal attack on the principal urban problems but simply for survival—for more policemen and firemen and teachers to cope with swelling and sullen populations, for minimal wage increases to keep these disciplinarians, and for the higher costs of debt.

A city caught in a population boom must spend about $13,000 in capital outlay, schools, streets, sewers, police and fire facilities, etc., for each new family. About $1,300 of that must be allotted in the first few months after arrival. It will take decades, perhaps forever, to recover these sums from the newcomers in sales and property taxes.

The 1960 census will show that of the 180 million or so Americans, well over 100 million live in cities. Some forty-six million will be on rural but nonfarm homes. Less than twenty million still live on farms. Compare these figures with those for 1910, when there were ninety-two million Americans, thirty-two million of whom lived on farms.

The Farmer in the Till

It took the farmers a long time to pry open the doors of the Federal treasury, but since they succeeded the bounty has been unceasing. For twenty-five years neither major party has quarreled with the principle that the farmer must have a steady supply of Federal checks. The farmer has weighed their respective offers as coolly as though he were bidding for spring pigs.

In the current budget the twenty million farm folk are getting $5.9 billion from the Federal treasury, which amounts to about $1,160 for each farm family. In addition to the outright cash, the Federal government holds farm prices at levels far above the warrants of the marketplace and, like a doting parent, rewards the farmer for almost everything he does or doesn't. If he puts in a drainage system, he's a conservationist and gets a check. If he fails to put one in and lets the back forty flood, he's patriotically reducing acreage and gets a check. If he lets the farm go hang and spends the year reading Great Books or playing pool, there is a deluge of checks.

The subdivision and apartment-house dwellers not only subsidize the farmers through these direct and costly outlays but also in food prices. No one seems to know exactly what would happen if farm price supports were dropped, but it is a safe guess that the housewife could trundle her cart out of the supermarket for twenty per cent less.

What is the city dweller getting back from his Federal taxes? In the current budget there is about $100 million for urban renewal, a nice-Nellyism for slum clearance. This has been spoken of in Congress and certain administration circles as profligacy. Actually the funds go to buy sections of hopelessly blighted city areas, which are cleared and sold to private developers for new housing and businesses that presumably will be a credit to the community. If urban renewal doesn't pay off handsomely in mere dollars and cents, then there is no future in American real property.

Last July, President Eisenhower

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vetoed the first version of the Federal Housing Act in a scornful message. The President made clear his disgust with urban-renewal programs, public housing, and Federal aid in such fields as housing for the aged or college students. The President's message was unusually bitter for such a normally moderate man, and it stirred some equally strong reactions.

The Mayors Speak Out

The veto message came as the annual mayors' conference was assembling in Los Angeles. The mayors reacted like so many freshly evicted hornets. The president of the conference, Norris Poulson of Los Angeles, reminded his peers of the extent of the farm handout, then observed, ". . . still, when we shyly come forward asking for assistance, we are publicly chastised. . . . The time has come for a reappraisal of the priority of our country's nationally supported domestic programs. Urban renewal programs, by improving community property values, and by simultaneously reducing government costs for police, fire and health services in slum areas, provide a tremendous asset not only for our cities but also for the state and national government in future revenue."

Poulson added that while urban renewal is undoubtedly a profitable investment, "I am not sure I can say the same for the farm subsidy program." The mayor, it might be remarked, is hardly a compulsive spender. Long a fixture of the Republican right wing, he came slowly to the idea of Federal participation in urban problems, following much the route of the late Senator Taft.

Most of the other mayors were equally angered and equally expressive. Philadelphia's Richardson Dilworth said: "Even more serious than the veto message's attempt to mislead the public as to the facts and issues is its demonstration of a complete lack of understanding of what is really at stake . . . Today more than two-thirds of our people live in the great urban areas where each year are turned out more than 75 per cent of our productive income and goods. Our cities must be renewed. . . . By 1980 almost 80 per cent of our population will be in the urban areas and we must see that these are places where the finest of Americans can be born, live, work and raise their families."

The mayors climaxed their outburst by overwhelmingly passing a resolution calling for Congress and the President to take another look at the cities' need for help. There is reason to believe the vehemence of the mayors' outburst surprised both friends and foes of the urban programs.

Congressional supporters of urban renewal, their backbones suddenly stiffened, put through a new Housing Act that differed but little from the first. The President promptly struck it down, but it was noted this time his criticism was confined to costs, not to basic purposes of the legislation. A Senate attempt to override the veto failed but showed great strength. A third Housing Act was then passed which still retained the basic urban-renewal and slum-clearance programs, and this act was signed by the President without comment. Between early July and the end of September, the cities had made themselves heard in Washington. It is a reasonable guess that their voices will be louder and clearer in the years ahead.

Going to Town

The reapportionment that will follow the 1960 census will see Congressional seats taken from such farm states as Iowa, Kansas, and Minnesota, to go to cities in Florida, Texas, Arizona, and especially California.

But these state-by-state shifts will not begin to reflect the true decline of rural political power. Countless districts once labeled rural have a rising and sometimes decisive urban vote. Once such cities as Hastings, Nebraska, and Marshalltown, Iowa, existed solely to serve the wills and whims of adjoining farmer-customers. Now they have defense plants, military bases, new branch plants of big corporations, labor unions, and a full set of urban problems. And with all these there is a growing independence of the surrounding farmers. The man whose salary is set by a union contract based on nation-wide conditions in defense contracting can hardly be expected to rejoice at the news that beef prices are going up at the Omaha stockyards.

It is this new urbanized thinking within the farm states that is playing hob with established political clichés. Perhaps it began in Maine several years ago when the doughty farmers of that state first began having trouble returning their men. The small cities were speaking in a different voice, and now there is a Muskie in the United States Senate. The city voters rejected Bricker of Ohio in 1958, much to the surprise of people who haven't watched population tables. Mundt of South Dakota is in danger in 1960 because the Republican farmers who have dominated his state for nearly a hundred years are on the decline, while the cities are holding their own or growing. Sioux Falls has more than doubled since 1930, while the state itself has shown a considerable net loss.

WHILE the omens for the cities are good in future Congresses, the White House prospects are even better. All the candidates with any real chance of election are more closely tied to the cities, either by sympathy or calculation, than any President of this century. In sum, then, 1960 will see the election of a President whose political and social thinking is oriented to the cities. And the Congress that will follow the reapportionment will join the President in this new concern.

The 1960's are also certain to see the cities open an even more difficult battle, one to shake loose cow-county and woolhat domination of state legislatures. In several states thought is already being given to constitutional amendments to give cities a better say at the statehouse. Fights like these are always hard to win, but if representative government is to function successfully, the overwhelming numbers of the cities cannot be denied forever.

In a grumpy mood, a seventeenth-century poet intoned, "God the first garden made, and the first city Cain." Certainly after a look at our crowded, smoggy, slum-ridden cities, Cain seems the right one to blame. But the feeling also seems to be growing that blame isn't enough; the time has come to see if his handiwork can't be improved.

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Crisis in Laos: Sham Battle in a Real War

DENIS WARNER

VIENTIANE

As the monsoons blanketed the northern mountains last July, the Royal Government of Laos seemed about to collapse under the pressure of Communist invasion. The direction certainly came from Hanoi in North Vietnam; there is ample evidence to confirm that. And yet despite reports of "major border crossings," Laos suffered—and continues to suffer—more from internal subversion than from armed aggression.

It is not surprising that the U.N. investigators had trouble finding out precisely what happened last July. The Royal Lao Army had two battalions stationed in Samneua Province at the time. They were spread lightly through the countryside, in the villages, through the valleys, and high in the mountains. As few as half a dozen men held the small posts. Some teams were four days' march from company headquarters, along tracks that wound through jungles infested with tigers and poisonous snakes.

Surprised by the Communist attacks, these little garrisons simply folded up and took to the jungle. Lacking any means of communication, most of them were unable to report to higher headquarters for days. Nearly two weeks passed before the Royal Lao Government here could confirm that things had gone wrong in Samneua Province. Even then the only intelligence came from soldiers whose positions had been overrun and from refugees. Since the first are notoriously given to exaggeration and the second usually ignorant, Vientiane was easily convinced that the country had been invaded from North Vietnam.

The August 30 "offensive" seemed to provide the final proof. Along the unpaved main street of Samneua, past the cottages of mud and thatch and the whitewashed Roman Catholic church grown grimy and peeling in the monsoon rain, came scattered groups of Royal Lao soldiers in soiled green uniforms and weary peasants in black—all fleeing from an enemy most had not seen but which, they all agreed, followed close behind.

The Royal Lao Air Force shuttled between Vientiane and Samneua's dangerous and tiny airstrip, where a hundred men and women strove to tamp down the rough and broken surface with their bare feet. Though there had been almost no fighting, there was already a shortage of rice and salt and ammunition.

From the wide stone veranda of his headquarters in the French colonial governor's former residence, General Soukhavong Amkha, the Royal Lao military commander in Samneua, watched the refugees arrive. He listened to their stories and soon the map in his war room was ominous with red columns pointing straight at Samneua. There were two broad arrows in the north, each representing two enemy battalions; three other battalions were shown to be approaching from the east.

The conclusion, General Amkha believed, was obvious: the province of Samneua had come under major attack from North Vietnam. As he saw the situation, there was a total of ten enemy battalions in Laos, all of them trained and equipped and in large part manned by Communist Vietminh troops from North Vietnam. This plausible deduction could be buttressed by what appeared to be substantial evidence. It was clearly established, for instance, that on August 30 there had been a successful enemy attack against four Lao garrison post scattered along the Nam Ma River and close to the North Vietnam border. Since the attacks had all begun precisely at 6 A.M., there was also evidence of careful co-ordination. Each had been preceded by a mortar barrage, and at Muong Het, by far the largest post with its garrison of 250 men, the Lao troops were convinced that they had also come under fire from 105-millimeter howitzers fired from across the North Vietnam border.

On Tuesday, September 1, General Ouane Rathikoune, the commander of the Lao armed forces, visited Samneua and that night carried back to Vientiane the alarming news that the provincial capital could no longer be held. It was on the basis of this report that the Lao government on Friday, September 4, addressed its appeal to the United Nations.

Sergeant Ba Mai's Retreat

On September 3, while the Lao government was drafting its appeal, I hitchhiked to Samneua with several colleagues and a planeload of paratroopers. There I found that any change, in the opinion of General Amkha, had been a change for the worse. Following the fall of Muong Het, the enemy had brought up heavy equipment and rubber pontoons with which to ferry it across the Nam Ma. Villagers had been conscripted to carry the supplies over the mountains, and, as the broad arrows on his maps clearly showed, the attack on Samneua was about to begin.

While a Dakota circled the steep green peaks that rise above the village and banked sharply to cascade supplies to the troops waiting below, one of the survivors from the attack on Xieng Kho told his tale on the veranda with General Amkha himself acting as interpreter. The soldier's name was Ba Mai. A tall and seasoned campaigner, he was obviously not the sort to give way to panic easily. With eleven years of service behind him in the army, he had attained the rank of adjutant, or top sergeant, in the company charged with the defense of Xieng Kho. Well before dawn on August 30, Sergeant Ba Mai had sent out a patrol of twenty-five home guards. There was some shooting in the

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darkness and not a single man from the patrol returned. In the main attack the enemy forces had directed their mortar and infantry assaults with red and green flares, quickly knocking out the company command post and killing the captain. Ba Mai resisted for two and a half hours and then pulled out; three of the home guards were killed and one wounded on the way back. His own platoon had no other casualties.

It struck me as unusual that in a two-and-a-half-hour fight the defenders had not suffered greater casualties, even though the attacking forces, according to the sergeant, had both mortars and recoilless rifles and were "right on top of us" when the decision to abandon the position was made. And Ba Mai's account of the attacking force and its deployment was far from convincing. He had already explained that the four company posts, manned by seventy regular soldiers and about 120 home guards, were between a hundred and two hundred yards apart and therefore were deployed over a distance of between three hundred to six hundred yards. Yet in estimating the size of the enemy force, he said it stretched for two kilometers and consisted of at least a thousand and perhaps as many as fifteen hundred men. Ba Mai could not explain why this unusual military formation had not attempted to encircle the garrison instead of stringing itself out in a long line.

Like other soldiers before him in more efficient armies, Ba Mai was undoubtedly seeking to explain defeat in terms that were compatible with saving face. More sophisticated staff officers would have compensated for this tendency in evaluating the reports that came in from Ba Mai and others like him. But the Lao staff took them at full value, and the estimate that 4,500 Communist troops were advancing on Samneua was the basis of the report that the town could not be held.

The Spider Builds Its Web

For several days the defenders of Samneua, now seven battalions strong, waited to be overwhelmed by an enemy with whom they had had almost no real contact and of whose very existence they could no longer be sure. Then General Amkha abruptly declared that the threat to Samneua had ended. The enemy force of four battalions, which he had reported marching across the mountains complete with "heavy" equipment and coolie chains to carry it, had disappeared back across the Nam Ma, taking all its equipment with it. A perplexed world reading of forces that came blazing out of North Vietnam and then mysteriously disappeared might well have wondered whether the crisis in Laos was not wholly fictional.

The crisis was, in fact, authentic. For the past thirty years Vietnamese Communists have been preparing to take over in Laos. They began in 1930 with the formation of the Communist Party of Indo-China under the leadership of Ho Chi Minh. Though the end of French colonialism in 1954 brought independent sovereign status to Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos, the Communist Party of Indo-China, now renamed the Laodong Party, continued to exercise direct control over Communist activities in all of them.

Until 1945 Communism made little progress in Laos. But the formation of the Lao Issara nationalist movement at the end of the Second World War gave Ho Chi Minh an opportunity to extend his influence there. He was helped greatly by Prince Souphanouvong, whose half-brother, the late Prince Phetsarath, had founded the Lao Issara movement. With ten young officers from Ho Chi Minh's headquarters in Hanoi, Prince Souphanouvong arrived at Vientiane, took over the command of the Lao Issara forces, and installed his Vietminh officers as commanders of the battalions hastily recruited to fight the returning French.

Through the ups and downs of the years that followed, Prince Souphanouvong remained Ho Chi Minh's willing servant. After the breakup of the Lao Issara movement, he transferred his headquarters to Vietminh territory in Tonkin. There, in 1950, he formed the Committee of Laotian Liberation. Since Souphanouvong lacked sufficient military strength to invade Laos with the handful of revolutionaries who were his followers, Ho Chi Minh used regular Vietminh military formations for this purpose, and in April, 1953, two divisions of Ho's "volunteers" presented him with a "liberated" area, called Pathet Lao, where he could set up a resistance government. The seat of the Pathet Lao government was in Samneua. Prince Souphanouvong, in jail since July, is now on trial for plotting revolt.

LITTLE ATTEMPT has ever been made to cover up the Vietminh direction of Pathet Lao politics and strategy. A Vietminh broadcast on April 13, 1953, declared, for instance, that "the people of Vietnam have the mission to make revolution in Cambodia and Laos." Later, when Prince Souphanouvong was negotiating a political settlement with the central government, he frequently held up proceedings to get instructions from Hanoi. One of his senior officers, Major Kavinh Koeanhorn, who was secretary to the Pathet Lao political delegation in Vientiane in September, 1958, spilled more of the beans when he asked for political asylum and declared that there was Vietminh control at all levels of the Pathet Lao and that its officials decided nothing without Vietminh advice. All senior members of the Pathet Lao, with the single exception of Prince Souphanouvong, were members of the Communist Laodong Party. Everything came from Hanoi —political cadres, finance, weapons, ammunition, even the presses for the newspaper *Neo Lao Hakxa*.

All this was well known to the central government in Vientiane. What it failed to appreciate, however, was the efficiency of the Communist indoctrination processes. The infiltration began with cadres in the villages. The cadres turned first to sympathizers, moved into family groups, then into social organizations. Gradually they built up what one western diplomat accurately described as a spider's web of subversion, which provides the Laodong Party with both an intelligence network and a means of propagating directives down to the lowest level.

The second step was to raise military formations. As in the Vietminh areas of Vietnam, these were recruited on three levels. At the lowest level there were the village guerrillas, who were encouraged to get an

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early "blooding" but not to become involved in futile fights. Their purpose was to serve as an irritant, nothing more. At the second level was the regional battalion, or militia. Though highly trained and well armed, it was not uniformed. Soldiers with guns by night became peasants with hoes by day. At the third level were the regular uniformed forces.

A Bulwark Built on Sand

In 1957, the Pathet Lao agreed to disband all but two of its regular battalions (which were to be integrated with the Royal Lao Army) in exchange for broad political concessions. But the regional battalions simply went on with their jobs and waited patiently for the day when they would be called upon to bring their guns out of hiding. When the call came last July through the scattered villages of northern Laos, these carefully trained and indoctrinated troops heavily outnumbered the small royal garrisons, whose behavior too often had done little to win them friends.

The degree of Communist penetration is naturally heavier in the northern provinces than it is elsewhere in Laos. After all, the population was under Pathet Lao control for four years. Furthermore, the proportion of Black Thai and Meo tribesmen who are traditionally hostile to the lowland Laos is higher there than in the southern provinces.

The situation elsewhere in Laos is nevertheless cause for the gravest concern. Throughout the villages there is a widespread feeling of hostility to the Vientiane government that the Communists have not been slow to exploit. Taking their directives from Radio Hanoi, the Communists are flourishing among the simple, largely apolitical peasant population, which can be easily persuaded, by both fear and self-interest, to back whichever side seems to have the best chance of winning. And the shortcomings of the French-trained Royal Lao Army are apparent to anyone with eyes. As for American aid, it has certainly pleased those who have profited from it in Vientiane, but its effect may only be described as negative in the villages—where the Communists work alone and unopposed.

Fun Can Be Politics

SEYOM BROWN

According to many prominent social diagnosticians, our great game of politics has become too much of a spectator sport. The nation would be healthier if there were less television-armchair quarterbacking and more participating. Fewer and fewer people even bother to attend political rallies, let alone hold forth in front of the cigar store.

Yet in California, during the past six years, in the very state where million-dollar election campaigns are conducted by giant public-relations firms, a large and active "grass-roots" movement has sprouted out of arid, treeless suburbia. Observers have been quick to label the growth of the California Democratic Council movement as just what doctors of political science ordered, invigorating to a party getting flabby from too much sitting on its New Deal-Fair Deal past. And the C.D.C. clubs, with their suburban do-it-yourself spirit, are given primary credit for the California Democratic renaissance of 1958 that gave the state its first Democratic governor since Cuthbert L. Olsen was succeeded by Earl Warren following the 1942 election. Whether all this amateur political activity (there are now about fifty thousand club members) is producing anything of quality is another question altogether and one that had better not be asked just now. But it is getting more and more people into politics, many of whom previously wore their apoliticism on their grey-flannel lapels. And this in itself is adjudged "healthy."

Attempts are now being made in other states to build up grass-roots organizations on the West Coast model. Leaders of such movements, however, might do well to explore the roots as well as the grass of the California clubs. Possibly it is something peculiar to the California soil that gives them vitality.

Moonlight Boat Rides . . .

Most important is the simple but often overlooked fact that the primary motive power behind the California Democratic clubs is social, not political. The new club member seems to join more to make new friends than to make public policy. In suburban California the new occupants of the housing developments have one thing in common: anonymity. They are less afraid of empty dinner pails than of empty evenings and weekends. Friends and relatives are often back East, and the city center is many miles away.

A happy situation exists for the organizational recruiter. The basis

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of the organization—whether it happens to be religious, political, or community service—is really not important. Who joins what type of group is for the most part dependent upon which organization gets to the new resident first.

Actually, there is much in common here with the operation of the old-type political machine. The urban boss was able to "deliver" on election day because he catered to the fundamental needs of the faithful throughout the year. If times were hard, the machine ran a kind of employment agency: when immigrants arrived they might be provided with temporary lodging; if someone got involved in a lawsuit and couldn't afford a lawyer, the boss might call upon a friend to take the case. The needs were different then, but the function of the machine was of the same order as that which the clubs are now providing to the middle-class "lonely crowd" in California. And then, as now, the political role was to a large extent a by-product.

This was dramatized for me at a Democratic club meeting I attended recently in a Los Angeles suburb. The first order of new business had to do with financing the campaign of a candidate for city council. The second item concerned plans for the next club outing. The time, energy, and enthusiasm of the members were devoted almost entirely to a hot debate over the second order of business. (A moonlight boat ride to Catalina eventually won approval.)

. . . and Faraway Places

The leisure-activity basis of the clubs has been obscured by another of their characteristics: the extent to which their politics is oriented toward ideology rather than toward power or interest groups. Most reports from California tend to dwell on this trait without analyzing its source. That source, again, is leisure.

Meeting in election-district councils, or at state-wide conventions when state offices are at stake, delegates from the local Democratic clubs hear and then pass upon prospective Democratic candidates in advance of the primary elections. So effective has the club movement shown itself in getting out the vote that few candidates will risk the effort and money of trying to win nomination in a primary election unless they can first get the clubs' approval. Aspiring Democratic politicians know that they don't stand a chance to realize their ambitions in California unless they give the right answers to certain "crucial" ideological questions. Thus, a prospective candidate for the state assembly from Azuza will be expected to demonstrate conviction on questions ranging from integration of the schools in Arkansas to hydrogen-bomb tests—even though during his tenure at Sacramento he will be unlikely to have the opportunity to vote on these matters.

One of the big Democratic guns in the state assembly recently confided to a gathering of political scientists that the way for a state legislator to be a success was to vote with the clubs on the Great Issues and with the powerful interest groups on mundane practical questions. After all, he explained, the large producers aren't really that excited one way or the other over the human-rights stuff, and the average club member never even heard of an oil severance tax.

Ask any state official or journalist covering Sacramento what he thinks is the Brown administration's greatest accomplishment for 1959, and he'll tell you it was the passage of the huge state water-development program. Ask the clubs, and the almost unanimous verdict will be the Fair Employment Practices Commission law.

The largest attendance at club "educational" (as distinct from "social") functions occurs when a Great Issue is to be discussed. Sewers, water power, or school construction will have their day, too, but a skillful program chairman knows that it is better to include them only as a prelude to some bigger event.

The point is that FEPC, wheat loans to India, and loyalty oaths are ever so much more interesting to the club member. The accountant or engineer who belongs to his club in Palo Alto may in fact know something about local taxation problems, but talking about such matters is too much like what he does at the office. "Come on, let's get on with the show," is his typical attitude. "Who wants to talk shop?" There is seemingly an inverse ratio between the closeness of an issue and the interest of the club member.

This need for an issue to have entertainment value before the clubs will make it their own is probably the main reason why their ideological center of gravity is decidedly on the left side in the Democratic Party, certainly to the left of Stevenson, who nonetheless is still the clubs' hero. Their tendency is to deal with the remote issues, and then in terms of clear alternatives. The black gets blacker and the white gets whiter as the viewer's distance from the scene increases.

Thus, at their most recent state-wide convention, held last spring, club delegates were startled to hear keynote speaker Chester Bowles take exception to their resolution urging recognition of Communist China. Bowles's argument was that you don't just hand out recognition without exacting some pledge or accommodation in return. The Connecticut representative called for bold ideas but also for hardheaded ideas, and his speech, though enthusiastically applauded, reddened the faces of many present. In much that Bowles said was the implication that the California grass roots were possibly not devoting enough attention to some rather important homegrown weeds.

THE LEISURE BASIS of amateur political activity among California Democrats also helps explain the strange Pat Brown for President boom—strange because many who publicly speak and write as if they were championing another F.D.R. are privately unenthusiastic about the man. Yet the real excitement lies in the Presidential race. And if the reason for the club movement's existence is participation, not just watching, why shouldn't California have a candidate—not just a favorite son but a major candidate? And we can, since we're now the second largest state. "Let's all get in there and pitch for Pat" is the slogan. After all, we never thought we'd win the pennant, did we? And now we have a series winner. It could happen in politics too. We've got the convention here, so there'll be a lot of opportunity for real politicking. It should be lots of fun.

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An A-Bomb for Sweden?

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

THE MAIN CONTOURS of Swedish foreign policy change little from year to year, or even from decade to decade. These are a heavily armed neutrality, an active role in the United Nations, a cordial but detached relation to the West, and a cold but correct relation to the Soviet world. Yet the Swedes are engaged in a great debate, and are moving inexorably toward a day when they must make a pivotal decision of foreign and defense policy—whether to equip themselves with nuclear weapons.

The facts relevant to this decision are quickly summarized:

¶ Sweden is one of a very few minor powers now technologically capable of developing and producing nuclear weapons. (Switzerland is probably the only other.)

¶ It would take eight to ten years' work—half in research, half in development and production—for the Swedes to have tactical nuclear weapons in actual readiness.

¶ Delivery systems are not a hurdle, since Sweden already has the capability of designing and making (a) ground-to-air, ground-to-ground, and air-to-air rocket-powered missiles suitable for atomic warheads, and (b) atomic artillery.

¶ Sweden, the richest country of continental Europe per capita, could raise the funds to support a nuclear-weapons program, even though its total population is less than that of New York City.

¶ The only atomic weapons under consideration are tactical—short-range rockets and artillery—since the settled policy of Sweden is to maintain no weapons of any kind other than purely defensive.

Pro and Con

The proposals for a nuclear-weapons program have come from the armed forces and from several well-regarded writers on foreign policy and defense matters. Opposition, however, has developed just as rapidly as advocacy. The Swedish Communist Party, small and unimportant, is of course solidly against nuclear weapons. The Conservative Party, the principal opposition party, also small but not unimportant, is solidly in favor of them. All other parties are split. The Center or Peasant Party has taken no official position, although its main spokesman has indicated approval of nuclear weapons. The Social Democrats, who are in power and will have to make the decision, are hopelessly divided. Their principal leaders dramatize this disunity, even though they have avoided flat commitments. Prime Minister Tage Erlander has seemed to lean toward a policy of nuclear armament; Foreign Minister Osten Undén has been even more clearly opposed.

As for other elements, the armed forces are united in their vigorous demand for an immediate program of developing and producing nuclear weapons, come what may—but also

are well aware that political, not military, leaders will decide the matter. Most bankers and businessmen, disdainful of the Soviet Union and its caveats, Conservative in their own political affiliation, appear to support the armed forces; liberal intellectual circles and articulate workers' groups see only danger in Sweden's joining the "nuclear club."

The case for atomic arms, as outlined to me by Swedish military leaders, grows out of their analysis of Sweden's unenviable strategic position. The shore of the Swedish industrial heartland—north, west, and south of Stockholm—is less than twenty minutes by jet aircraft from Soviet airbases. The Soviet Union has overwhelming superiority in air power, and also in naval power in the Baltic Sea. As these men visualize it, Sweden's primary danger is not from overland attack across Finland, against which sheer geography is a good protection. It lies rather in possible invasion through Denmark and the southernmost provinces of Sweden, which have no natural defenses. For this reason, Sweden's safety does depend in some degree on NATO; but there are grave doubts in Stockholm on what NATO could do for Denmark—at least until West Germany's armed forces are much stronger. And there are even greater doubts of the Danes' ability to do much for their own defense.

THE OTHER DANGER for Sweden lies in amphibious attack on its Baltic coasts, or airborne invasion directly into the central heartland, or—more probably—both at once. The Swedish Army is of limited value in these circumstances, because it is a militia, not a standing army, and has light weapons only. There are no combat units in constant readiness. Consequently, Sweden's military men argue, they must have firepower equivalent to that of the enemy forces attacking. And that means defensive nuclear weapons—missiles of several kinds, atomic artillery, and possibly torpedoes. Packing that kind of punch, Sweden's comparatively small forces could make seaborne or airborne invasion a costly venture.

The partisans of nuclear weapons argue further that Sweden's success in avoiding involvement in war for more than a century is the result not merely of neutrality but of being well armed. Today, in the atomic age, being well armed means having atomic weapons. As they see it, the adoption of atomic arms is nothing more than strengthening Sweden's traditional position of armed neutrality, in keeping with the current state of military technology. It is not, they insist, a change of policy, any more than was the transition from piston to jet fighter aircraft.

The case made by the military weighs heavily in the scales, because Sweden, although neutral, has never been pacifist. The Swedes have always been agreed on strong and

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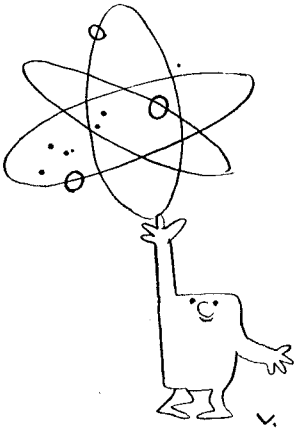
modern arms, and they always have held their military men in high regard. If the top military figures of the country say they cannot guarantee its safety without atomic arms, those who differ must have a persuasive case indeed.

THE ARGUMENTS AGAINST nuclear weapons are more numerous and more complicated than those in favor. Any atomic arms, even purely tactical, are provocative, their opponents assert, and therefore invite attack. They draw attention to a succession of Soviet warnings and criticisms. *Pravda* and *Izvestia* do not criticize the Swedish government itself, because it has not taken a position. But they are quick to condemn any individual or group in Sweden that comes out openly in favor of developing nuclear arms. For the Russians, the most baffling figure in Sweden is Bo Siegbahn. He is a senator and also head of the Soviet affairs section of the Swedish foreign office—a combination of elected legislator and appointed bureaucrat without precedent in Swedish public life. In addition he is one of the most indefatigable proponents of nuclear weapons for Sweden, having collaborated with former Defense Minister Per Edvin Sköld, long a leading light among the Social Democrats, in a book advancing the case for a nuclear posture.

Opponents of nuclear arms not only cite Soviet warnings but also point to Sweden's long and consistent record in the United Nations, where it has opposed atomic-weapons tests and any extension of the number of atomic powers. They argue that it is inconsistent and improper —and immoral—for Sweden to take a step that will enlarge the circle of nuclear-armed nations. Many leading Swedish intellectuals and public figures have been watching closely and with sympathy the growth of opposition to nuclear weapons in the British Labour Party. Some Social Democrats among them would like to form a common front on this issue with the Labourites in Britain, with whom they feel some ideological kinship anyway.

One of their most telling arguments is usually put in the form of a question. Why, they ask, should Sweden stay out of NATO to avoid being exposed as a target for Soviet attack and then deliberately draw Soviet ire, and possibly fire, by adopting atomic weapons? (There is an answer to this, however. One reason why Sweden has stayed out of NATO is that the NATO powers would not be able to give prompt and effective help in the event of attack. With atomic weapons of its own, Sweden *would* have a major asset in case of attack.)

For many earnest and thoughtful Swedes, the problem is not military or political but ethical. Sweden is a small country, they note. It would be a severe economic strain to produce atomic weapons for its own requirements unless the cost were spread over a larger production and such weapons sold to other secondary powers—such as Switzerland, where



there already have been suggestions that the Swiss hold back their own weapons program and buy from Sweden. If Sweden is going to sell nuclear arms to other nations, the argument goes on, it will be promoting an increase in membership in the "nuclear club," not merely joining the club itself.

Another argument, made to me with some vigor by former Foreign Minister Rickard Sandler, is a more practical one. Adding nuclear weapons to Sweden's armory, he insists, would not add to Sweden's security. Since defense costs already are at about their tolerable maximum, the great cost of an atomic-arms program would probably come out of funds now available to the army, and perhaps also the navy and air force.

In any case, the opponents of nuclear weapons say, let us wait for a time before taking a decision. Let us wait for the present nuclear powers to try to reach agreement, and for the U.N. to try again for limitation of armaments. And by all means, let us wait for the summit conference and the bilateral talks that go before and with it. They supplement this argument with a fine point of some cogency: The very act of taking a decision to begin research on nuclear weapons will incur immediately all the penalties such an action might provoke, while the benefits in added defensive strength will not be realized for a decade.

Where do the Swedish people stand in this atomic debate? Nobody quite knows, because they have not been consulted in any systematic way. One close and impartial observer at Stockholm who is concerned with adult education throughout Sweden in the field of foreign affairs told me that public opinion is not really a factor. The people are either divided or unsure, and consequently they will go along with any policy the government may recommend. So the decision will have to be made by the cabinet, and then debated and confirmed by the Riksdag. The debate is mainly between two Social Democrats—the prime minister and the foreign minister, each with his adherents.

THE PROSPECT is for a delay of five or six months before the crucial decision. If the climate of great-power negotiations improves, Stockholm may drop the whole idea of nuclear weapons. If the Khrushchev-Eisenhower exchange bears no fruit and if Moscow resumes its carping criticisms of the Scandinavian world, Sweden's reaction is liable to be a start on atomic-weapons development. Although discreet in dealing with the Soviet Union, Swedish leaders are not cowed by Soviet threats. They were relieved, not alarmed, last July when Khrushchev suddenly canceled his good-will journey to the Scandinavian capitals.

Whatever the policy finally adopted at Stockholm, it will be of major importance. This is because Sweden is apparently the only minor power now in a position to determine whether atomic weapons are to become part of the armories of various lesser nations.

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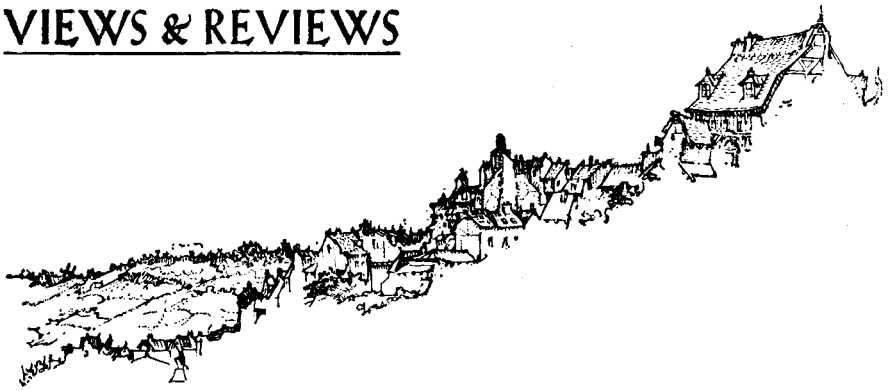

Sins Out of Context

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

PARIS

AT THE BEGINNING of September Paris was astonished to learn that six French ministers had seen fit to meet in private in order to attend a movie. It was a screening of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses,* a film made by Roger Vadim from the eighteenth-century "libertine" novel by Choderlos de Laclos. They had met to decide whether the film could be shown on French screens. Foreigners would not see it in any case; it had already been refused an export visa on the grounds of "perversity." After the private showing, it took the ministers two hours of discussion to decide that, with one or two cuts and on the express condition that it be prohibited to children under sixteen, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* could escape the censors.

Wonderful publicity. Three days after it had opened, the film was already breaking all attendance records. Thereupon the Society of Men of Letters asked the courts to seize the film, on the ground that it constituted a shameful betrayal of Choderlos de Laclos' novel. More wonderful free publicity. And, since it will take time for the complaint to be acted on, the film continues to play to full houses.

One must applaud not the film—which may disappoint the critics—but its creators, director Roger Vadim, and Roger Vailland, who wrote the dialogue (let us leave Laclos out of it for the moment), both of whom have a genius for the exploitation of forbidden fruit.

Vadim, Brigitte Bardot's first husband, became justly famous for inventing her. He took a charming, somewhat bourgeois young woman who posed for the women's magazines, and transformed her into a shameless, furiously disheveled creature whom he taught to stretch out, naked, before the great round eye of the camera. *And God Created Woman* was a first success and a first scandal. Then Brigitte left him for an actor whom her husband-director had taught her only too well how to kiss, and Vadim, like the genuine creator he is, immediately took up his labors with another young woman, his present wife, Annette Stroyberg. She already has B.B.'s make-up, gestures, and hair-do and possesses in addition an astonishing collection of beauty marks strewn all over her body, as a much-talked-of close-up in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* has made it possible to observe.

Roger Vailland, former member of the Resistance, former Communist, and the author of a Goncourt Prize novel, *The Law,* has always—in practice as well as in theory—been a defender of that extreme and individualistic conception of freedom called libertinism. His favorite authors are Stendhal, de Sade, and Laclos.

Vadim and Vailland, both intelligent, energetic, and amiable, would like to believe that where there is shock and scandal there is automatically revolution and therefore progress, and that only old fogies, narrow and dried-up spirits, could oppose the dissemination of the libertine ideas both like to present. They are therefore delighted with the uproar over *Les Liaisons Dangereuses,* for they see it as proof that by showing love as it is practiced nowadays they have once again hit home and struck a blow against hypocrisy and prejudice. Inseparable for the occasion, they give out thundering interviews. "If I cannot export my film," says Vadim, "I will go and remake it in America. I have had offers. The Americans have seen *Les Liaisons Dangereuses;* they aren't shocked . . ." And Vailland says: "To prohibit the export of *Les Liaisons* strikes me as moronic. I decline to argue with morons."

AFTER SEEING the film I was inclined to agree with Vailland: there was no reason to prohibit it, and thus bring it to world-wide attention. Mme. Vadim's nudity included—blond hair and beauty spots graciously distributed on a sofa—there is not a sequence in it that would shock an adult audience.

The story is that of *Liaisons Dangereuses*—transposed to our times. And what was horrifying, criminal, or chilling in the eighteenth century—"If this book burned," said Baudelaire, "it would burn like ice"—is unfortunately much too familiar, not to say common, in our era.

Valmont the libertine (Gérard Philipe) and Madame de Merteuil, his accomplice and friend, risked banishment from society for their enterprises—a disgrace no better than death. That was why the marquise took infinite precautions to keep her reputation above question, and why Valmont applied all his great intelligence and all his energy to preserving the appearances of a virtuous man. For in those days it was a question of life or death. But today?

In Vadim's film, Valmont and Madame de Merteuil have become husband and wife, and it may be very sordid indeed for a couple to act as they do, each feeling free for amorous experimentation and each recounting his successful stratagems at day's end to the other, but in our times there is no great risk in doing so. Rather such people demonstrate nothing more than a bourgeois kind of cynicism. As for defying society,

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such conduct may actually prove rewarding, for society is only too eager to receive those who challenge its laws.

THERE IS the same discrepancy in Valmont's initiation of Cécile de Volanges, the overinnocent virgin. In Laclos that little convent-educated adolescent who knew nothing of love was an exceptional prey, who would have to pay by a lifetime in a convent for the total loss of her ignorance. But the young film character of the same name who goes skiing at Megève in the company of several other young ladies of her age just as pleasantly well-informed may not yet have known the fact of love but is certainly not ignorant of its spirit; one feels sure that she will need no Valmont, no Don Juan, to complete her education.

In the same way, the seduction of Madame de Tourvel, the very virtuous, very devout, and very beautiful Présidente, takes place on a different plane, and therefore loses its grandeur. It took Laclos' Valmont weeks of scrupulous attention and prodigious efforts to conquer this pious and fiercely guarded nature. He even had to disguise himself as a saint, practice charity, and sometimes renounce a partial success that would have put him farther from his goal. But in Vadim's *Liaisons* one has only to see the shaped slacks and outrageously made-up eyes of Annette Stroyberg's Madame de Tourvel to know that Valmont-Philipe will not have to wait too long for the reward of his labors.

In a word, Laclos has not been betrayed by Vadim and Vailland. He has even been rather astutely understood and transposed (thus the celebrated letter in which Valmont breaks off with the Présidente becomes a telegram dictated over the phone by "Madame Valmont"). But the eighteenth century is no longer there. And with feeling of the period have disappeared the dangers, the prohibitions, the tensions of soul and terrors of flesh that nourished the boldness of Laclos' terrifying classic. Where there is no risk there is no pleasure. That presence of the flesh, that pleasure of the flesh, the deep sense of erotic delight and its turgid and terrible joys that were in the novel cannot flower except in coexistence with evil.

Valmont's exclamation "There are no impregnable fortresses, there are only fortresses ineptly attacked!" was a cry not of triumph but of despair. Laclos' Valmont was haunted by a nostalgia for virtue, whence his desperate, headlong passion for the Présidente as long as he felt the force of the virtue she opposed to him. Alas, she too yields, and Valmont will never forgive himself for having conquered.

But spoken by Vadim's Valmont, the same phrase—"There are no impregnable fortresses"—no longer sounds like a cry of distress but like the report of the cynic, who is not taken in, who is glad of it, and who boasts of it.

THE PARALLEL could be pursued indefinitely without proving anything more than that *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* lose all their violence in the passage from one century to another and all their grandeur too. Roger Vadim's work can claim no greater stature than that of pleasant entertainment.

Accompanied, perhaps, by a critique of modern manners? One might have expected as much of Vadim, a level-headed observer, but here it is Laclos, in his turn, who detracts from Vadim. If in our society there are men and women libertine enough to go on their separate hunting sprees and then report to each other, they certainly do not do so in the style of the vicomte and the marquise. The character of the marquise in particular, her devotion to erotic intrigue, is not readily understandable in the modern version. Nor is it easy to grasp the technique by which Valmont conquers the Présidente. The world into which Vadim leads us in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* is not Laclos' nor ours. It is an improbable land for people "in the know" where ingredients from the most varied sources have been assembled with Parisian sophistication—we may always count on Vadim for sophistication—to make a heady cocktail.

The Great Book Holdup

HERBERT MITGANG

IN CASE any hopeful authors still think that the men to please are Edmund Wilson, Alfred Kazin, Malcolm Cowley, and V. S. Pritchett, may I respectfully suggest that they bear in mind American literature's "new critics." Today our most important literary arbiters—if you listen to the band-wagon publicists and editors in the publishing houses—are Jack Paar, Dave Garroway, Ed Sullivan, and Art Linkletter. These gentlemen may have widely differing literary standards, but they do have something more important in common: they all run television programs.

This is the age of the plug and the cross-plug. More than one junior executive in a publishing house has been promoted because he was able to interest Paar. But interest him in what? The book? Perish the thought! It's the author that counts. Is he a character, a reformed bigamist perhaps, a five-string banjo player? Can he do a jig on a trampoline while typing? If the author is a lady, never mind how she looks retouched on the book jacket—how does she look under the zoom lens after midnight?

One author got the magic nod for a Paar audition after hard work by a high-powered press agent who reached one of Paar's lieutenants. The author, a Lincoln authority, was asked what he could do. He answered lamely that he could talk about his book. He was told that a gimmick of some sort was needed. "Paar likes Lincoln," the author was assured, "but he's got to have an angle—are there any fresh Lincoln gags?" The author said that there weren't any new Lincoln jokes, and besides, he wasn't at all sure that an accurate picture of Lincoln could be drawn just by trading jokes. "You won't have to tell them," the

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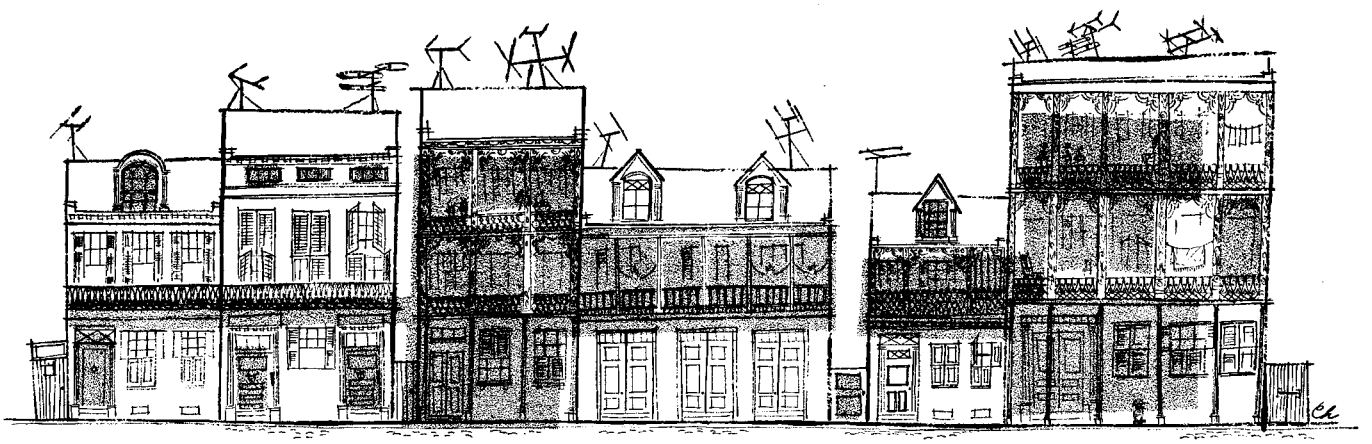

lieutenant said; "Jack'll deliver the punch lines."

If you are a good anecdotal author, you may be on a show for a week or until you run out of startling statements. You must at all times keep up the posture of a guest who dropped in casually to discuss your specialty; in return, the book is held up in front of the camera once or twice. There also are one-shot interviews on news-feature-type programs which usually lead to a discussion of the author's personal opinions and private life and are characterized by a semi-argumentative goading by their practitioners—Mike Wallace and Barry Gray, for example, articulate performers trying hard to make like reporters.

OFTEN a book obviously has nothing to do with the variety show on which it is plugged, and finds itself on camera because (let us charitably assume) the master of ceremonies thinks its subject worthy of a ten-second peek at the dust jacket. Steve Allen, a literate fellow who has turned out a book or two himself, is not averse to this sort of literary holdup. Ed Sullivan, who exudes a lot of sincerity about books by people he admires, has an interesting system that might be called the instant plug. "Got some interesting people in the audience tonight," he says, a few seconds before the parting commercial comes on, and he introduces a live author for a bow. Unfortunately, in the confusion of going off the air on the upbeat, Mr. Sullivan sometimes forgets to read or remember the title of the book. A better fate is expected for a book called *Christmas with Ed Sullivan.*

In some cases—the sincere bit is still big in broadcasting—the "new critics" honestly admit that they haven't any time to read. But most of them cover up the fact by feeding the author lines like: "There's so much in this wonderful story that I don't want to do it injustice. Tell the audience in your own words, won't you, just what your story is about." After that, it is easy for the glib TV critic to chime in with "I was interested in your comment about the nymphet who comes on in your last chapter—do you think this is a contributing factor to our weakened position in the cold war?"

One author was scheduled to go on a national jazz-and-chatter program between the jugglers from Radio City Music Hall and some old newsreel clippings about dirigibles. The master of ceremonies cornered the author five minutes before air time. "You're in, kid," he told the author. "We've got seven million women watching. You must have written a helluva book because my wife read it and she liked it and she's a bitch on novels. I haven't had a chance to, so clue me. Make out you were me and had to ask you questions." The author hastily "clued" the interviewer and, in gratitude, the interviewer offered the author some pancake makeup.

The fount of what might be called the cross-plug is the new publishing house of Bernard Geis Associates, which is owned by various publicists, magazine publishers, and television personalities, and distributed by Random House, whose president, Mr. Bennett Cerf, is himself often introduced on *What's My Line?* with a plug for his latest anthology of jokes. It seems organized on the theory that its owners, such as Art Linkletter, reach a vast television audience of trusting listeners and viewers; and since they can sell detergents, why not clean up by selling their own books? Consequently, all the TV authors and proprietors of programs plug books on their own and their friends' programs in return for cross-plugging.

The big noise from Bernard Geis Associates at the beginning of the fall publishing season was *Groucho and Me,* by Groucho Marx, which was advertised with a quote from Groucho saying that "Not since *David Copperfield* have I read such a stirring and inspiring life story." There was a certain rare honesty about Groucho writing his own endorsement. Groucho plugged his book on his program, *You Bet Your Life,* and Art Linkletter plugged Groucho's book on his *House Party,* and Groucho plugged Art Linkletter's books, and Art Linkletter wrote the introduction for Max Shulman's *I Was a Teen-Age Dwarf,* which was published by Bernard Geis, and Mr. Shulman's new TV comedy series, *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis,* is not averse to mentioning the book, and if you plug my book on your show, I'll plug your book on my show.

It is not known what works of literature will come from the giants of the major plugs, Paar and Garroway, but in the meantime, the reading public has taken to its heart two literary by-products of the Paar show, *Charley Weaver's Letters from Mamma* and *My Brother Was an Only Child,* by a comedian and a joke writer, respectively.

BOOK FOLK are of different minds on the subject of TV plugs. Some see television as the great white panacea of merchandising

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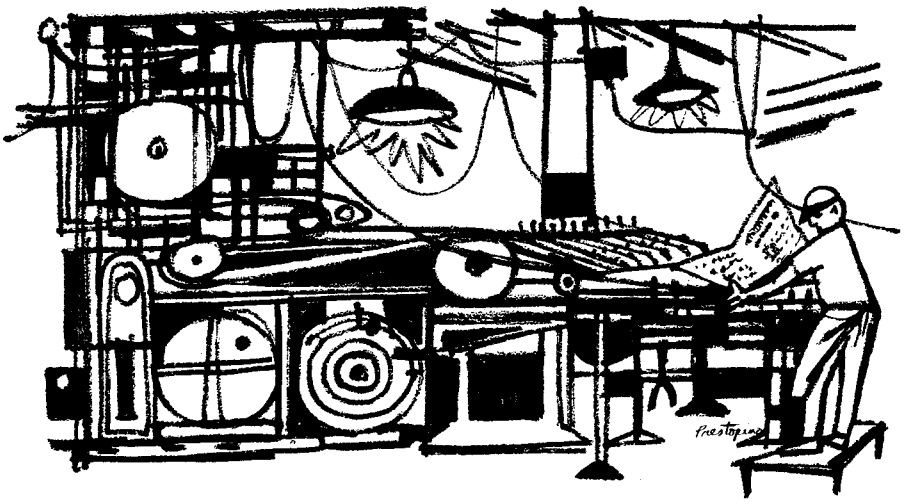
and say this is the way to get results and meet the public. They point to such outstanding cases as Alexander King's *Mine Enemy Grows Older,* which climbed up the best-seller list after the author's appearances on the Paar show. On the other hand, it is admitted that it helps an author considerably to have a beautiful young wife who can play the snare drums.

Book publishers almost without exception are more than willing to go along on the TV ride; they would much rather get advertising free than pay for it in the bookstores, book supplements, and other channels where people are supposed to be inspired to buy books. The book publishers like to say, too, that those who buy books from television make up a new audience, a bonus on top of the regular sales through normal outlets—in other words, all gravy.

But there are some people in and out of the book business—call them, for want of a better name, book lovers—who find something rotten about the plug, the cross-plug, the self-plug, and the instant plug. As they go down and up the list of books made by television, they find a catering to subliterary tastes. They find entertainment and entertainer books predominant. They find an absence of the major biographies, the major novels, the important works. They find an absence of any criticism by the "new critics" and observe that the serious television programs that once existed, such as *The Author Meets the Critics,* are no longer around, or are relegated to radio.

INEVITABLY, these book lovers say, the plug system has its effects on book editors and publishers. Why not fatten out the spring list with a gimmick book or a book by an author who can make a good showing (at least visually)? Why not pour advertising funds into a book that is going to be advertised for free on television ("as seen on Dave Garroway") for full impact, instead of scattering advertising shots on respectable but obviously not potential best-selling books? Book advertising is geared to ride with the winner; a rose is a rose, a book that is selling will be sold.

PRESS



Mr. Johnson Finds His Market

ALFRED BALK

JOHN H. JOHNSON, a tall, slightly rotund man of forty-one, is probably the most influential publisher in Negro history. He is certainly the most prosperous. In a field where ceilings are low, his payroll exceeds $1 million annually. For the first half of last year, according to *Printer's Ink,* his *Ebony* magazine led all U.S. monthlies in advertising linage. The Johnson Publishing Company, elaborately housed in a converted funeral parlor on Chicago's South Side, is one of the ten largest Negro enterprises in the country; and John Johnson is one of the ten wealthiest Negro Americans.

Johnson has been publishing since he was twenty-five, when he borrowed five hundred dollars and left the house organ of a Negro-owned insurance firm to launch a monthly called *Negro Digest.* Now he has a chain of four: *Ebony,* a *Life*-like picture monthly of 600,000 circulation, the largest, best-read, and most widely quoted Negro publication in the world; *Jet,* a pocket-size weekly news-picture magazine of 500,000 circulation; *Tan,* a monthly confessions and women's service magazine that exceeds 200,000 in sales; and *Hue,* a pocket feature monthly providing 150,000 readers with novelty articles, photographs, and overset from its sister publications. *Negro Digest,* by far the most serious of Johnson's magazines, was killed in 1950 for not returning enough profit; it is reported due back soon, however, as a quarterly.

NO OTHER mass Negro publication has ever enjoyed the status of *Ebony.* It is the only one that appears on "class" newsstands and in U.S. Information Service libraries overseas. And, although some Negro publications have national advertising accounts, *Ebony* is the only one to have passed significantly beyond the realm of goose-grease and lucky-charm advertising on which most Negro publications are heavily dependent.

Just why does *Ebony* enjoy these distinctions? For one thing, it is an expensive-looking package—well produced, on quality paper, with attractive layouts and four-color printing. Then, too, although it is clearly a popular magazine in its approach, it is self-consciously "respectable"—with no more cheesecake than, say, *Life,* and generally moderate in its approach to public issues.

In *Ebony's* first issue back in November, 1945, Johnson contended that "not enough is said about all the things we Negroes can do and will accomplish." Accordingly, the injustices that remain in American race

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relations are subordinated to the "points on which Negroes and whites agree." The result is apparently soothing to white and Negro alike. (Five per cent of *Ebony's* readers are thought to be white.)

Along with a permanent department for one-picture success stories, *Ebony* features several others at greater length in each issue: the more than one thousand Negroes in significant phases of the U.S. missile program; two brothers who operate a $3.5-million cattle-buying business in Texas; an attorney who won a $32-million case for Consolidated Edison in New York; the adman who wrote a Kent Cigarette singing commercial. The activities of Althea Gibson, Ralph Bunche, and Sidney Poitier are given plenty of space.

This is "the world as it ought to be," with Negroes enjoying the recognition and fruits of our society to the full. Notable social events are portrayed, such as an expensive Negro wedding reception on an island estate, where the guests were entertained by a portion of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. There are roundups on such "upbeat" subjects as American Negroes in the Catholic Church, Negroes in the Masonic movement, or the emerging political leaders of Africa. There are popularized, optimistic treatments of grave issues under prominent bylines: "The Way I Look at Race," by Frank Sinatra; "The Sin of Silence," by Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam; and "How to Stop Riots in Chicago," by a young minister in riot-wracked Trumbull Park.

There are also full-page editorials supporting integration and social justice. But, as one reader put it, "They are not like those of the Chicago *Defender* or Pittsburgh *Courier*. You don't come out sniffing blood. Possibly you get steamed up at midpoint, then end by chuckling, 'What fools those white folks are!' " All these characteristics, he adds, make *Ebony* "sanitary"—to socially mobile Negroes, to libraries and schools, to hotel newsstands, and (of prime commercial importance) to the large advertisers.

THE NEGRO PRESS as a whole has little to be proud of. Except for a handful of newspapers such as the Norfolk *Journal and Guide*—which Louis Lyons of Harvard's Nieman Foundation has called "a first-class paper by any standards"—the Negro press conspicuously shows the results of poor pay, training, qualifications, and advertising support. Inevitably, it is a press of protest. But in red-headlined, loosely researched stories, it purveys mainly crime, sex, high-schoolish society news, and the exploitation of racial identity in order to sell newspapers.

Two decades ago this product sold remarkably well. It no longer does. There is a new middle class among Negroes, based on new political power and new craft skills and education that began with compulsory military duty during the war. This middle class is *Ebony's raison d'être*. The white world and its communications media still do not recognize it by and

large, and so it turns to a world of make-believe in a portion of its own press. There, the individual Negro's acceptability, accomplishments, and social importance are not only stressed but frequently exaggerated. *Ebony* almost never gives a critical evaluation of the significance of a successful individual or organization in a context any broader than that of the Negro community itself. Sumptuous living is usually the measure of success.

Despite the shortcomings of *Ebony*, J. Carlton Yeldell, labor-relations secretary of the National Urban League, believes that it has been the single most influential communications medium in helping upgrade Negro job opportunities. "Obviously," he has remarked, "if a respected magazine such as *Ebony* pictures Negroes succeeding in important work, a prospective employer is going to sit up and take notice. A picture or article in a national magazine carries an impact that pamphlets, reports, and speeches never can."

"It is almost impossible to measure the morale-lifting value of such a magazine," says Kenneth Clark, a psychologist at New York's City College. "The mere fact of its own existence and success has been an inspiration to the Negro masses. Also, its stories of progress have given insecure and long-inhibited Negroes something to identify with in a difficult period of rapid change."

The Negro intelligentsia as a group, however, are prone to criticize *Ebony*. They feel that all of Johnson's magazines lack perspective. They lament the lack of thorough research or rigorous editing which is sometimes all too evident. They question whether more enlightened, analytical, and self-critical material could not be safely mixed with the more pleasant tidbits. And, as in the case of any minority-oriented publication, they fear that the magazines as they are make Negroes more race-conscious rather than less so.

ON THE OTHER HAND, Johnson must be credited with producing the best mass periodicals that have ever managed to survive in the Negro press. *Jet*, despite its sensationalized titles and photos, did succeed in bringing the Emmett Till and Montgomery bus-boycott stories to national attention, and it probably saved Jimmy Wilson's life by publicizing the now-famous $1.95 theft case. Even *Tan* and *Hue*, which Johnson concedes he launched purely to make money, are of some note in that they have forced shoddier, more sensational publications off the stands.

Whatever the faults may be, Johnson's publications are clearly the best available in covering the news and special interests of eighteen million American Negroes. Almost without exception, the general press publicizes Negroes only in unusual cases—when they become either celebrities or criminals, or social problems. "For the regular press," as the saying goes, "Negroes are never born, educated, married, and never die." This notable failure is probably the principal explanation of Johnson's success.

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THEATER

The Commercialites

GORE VIDAL

THE DESIRE to give pleasure is a fundamental characteristic of the popular artist; nor is it necessarily a meretricious one: Shakespeare was an instinctive pleasure giver, and in our own time Mr. Tennessee Williams abundantly possesses (I nearly wrote suffers from) this particular trait. The literary pleasure givers are happiest using the theater, loneliest in the novel; even Charles Dickens, an archetypal pleasure giver, turned finally to the stage as performer. And it is understandable: A most tangible audience responds like a lover to pleasure given, and in its response the artist is himself ravished by what he has done; it is a beautiful circle of love which at its truest has been responsible for much good art in the theater along with most of the bad.

Opposed to the pleasure giver are the polemicist, the satirist, the nauseated, the reformer—in short, those writers whose primary objective is the criticism of a society which is in essential conflict with the writer's own sense of what life should be. Bernard Shaw is paradigmatic. His pleasure giving was deliberately calculated to disguise polemic intent as sugar does harsh medicine. (This was his own metaphor; to which a friend answered: "How clever of the public to lick off the sugar and leave your pill untaken!")

AMERICANS of the mid-century, eager to be loved, have produced very few writers in the theater of this second kind. Perhaps the odd Mr. George Kelly, Mr. Arthur Miller at moments—and the list trails off. Even an "intellectual" like Mr. Thornton Wilder is, finally, as pleasure-giving and mind-withholding as all the other cocker spaniels who prance about Times Square, tails wagging, eyes glowing with love, simulated or real; it makes no difference, as they go about seeking love for pleasure given.

Ultimately, of course, what matters is the work, not the motives of those who made it. But I suggest that when the work accomplished exploits too crudely our prejudices and weaknesses, it is difficult not to ask: "Why are they doing this to us? For what end?" Now to be commercial in the theater is, simply, to try to make money out of a basic investment of time, money, and talent. There is no other kind of theater in America, nor will there be as long as plays cost as much as they do to mount. If we had a Bernard Shaw among us and if he thought it might be useful (and to him, if not to us, pleasurable) to write a play showing that democracy is a disaster or that Christianity

is a bitter hoax, he would not be produced. That in itself is not necessarily the end of the matter. He could still use the novel, the essay, the published play which could make its effect slowly upon readers. But the working dramatist must either not do what interests him the most or disguise it entirely or—and here is the real tragedy of commercialism—discard automatically any idea or theme which he knows is not acceptable to the prejudice of an audience that must be won by flattery and charm. No American dramatist in the last war would have written with such virulence against President Roosevelt as Aristophanes used against the Athenian Establishment at a time of war and national disaster. Yet our dramatists cannot be scored for not attempting the impossible. Large societies are difficult to assault. Novelists are let alone, for they have little public effect. The *Nation* may attack J. Edgar Hoover until the hoods come home, and the watchman will still cry "All's well!" But to use the theater or television for stating ideas that do not give immediate pleasure to a large bland audience is to experience harsh censorship; it must either not be done at all or else be so distorted in the doing that the result is neither one thing nor the other.

The Crucible by Mr. Arthur Miller was much attacked when it was first produced during the great days of the Wisconsin buffoon; yet there is nothing in this good if rather glum little play which breaks new ground, which demonstrates anything but an old saw or two about bearing false witness and the panicky response of a society to psychotics. I should think a playwright really daring if he were to show us dramatically that Communism or socialism or fascism is superior to democratic *laissez faire*. One might disagree but at least we would have a new theme to consider. It is not the playwright's fault, however; the inner censor is at work, and that to me is the most terrible result of commercialism.

I REMEMBER in the so-called Golden Age of television, writers were continually (and rightfully) chafing under network and advertising-agency censorship. To a man they wanted freedom. But when asked "freedom to do what?" they would become evasive, tentative. Well, to be able to use four-letter words and naturalistic expletives the way the novelists do, to defend minority groups openly, to be allowed, say, to call a Jew a Jew and not the weirdly generalized "He's one of *them*" (knowing wink) "and we know what *they* are!" This much latitude would certainly be welcome, but it is not much to dream of. American popular writers (like their Russian counterparts) are prisoners of the state, sentenced for life. They want yard privileges, better food, but they shrink at the idea of choice, of life outside the familiar stone and bars of superstition we call the free world as the Russians call what they have the free world. I suspect, barring accident, the next generation will prove both to the Soviet and to us

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how much alike great states are in the twentieth century, and how undesirable true freedom is. The most dangerous and successful censorship is inner censorship. In this our Commercialites are anticipating the future.

Among the Commercialites the team of Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee are prototypical. I did not see their admired *Inherit the Wind* (writing that title I start wondering: inherit *what* wind? Biblical? reap the whirlwind? or just another of those fuzzy resonant titles meaning nothing?) but I did see something of theirs called *Auntie Mame*. Now they have run up a play about the Harding administration. One wonders why. They have nothing to say about the political process in America. Nothing to say about Harding and his associates. Suspecting that they had no theme, they announced to the press shortly before the opening that their urgent message to the nation was "Beware government by crony!" But that is not an issue. Nowadays not even the vilest Presidential crony could steal as blithely as those in the play do. There are too many checks. Politicians are congenitally inclined to dishonesty, but it is intellectual dishonesty, not financial. In the glare of publicity at a national level there is little opportunity to steal anything, except power.

Only one interesting thing happened in the theater the night I saw *The Gang's All Here*. When the Attorney General delivered an impassioned speech about the virtue of getting ahead and the obligation each individual has to himself to get all he can by any means, honest or dishonest, a section of the audience burst into spontaneous applause while the rest of us froze. It was wonderful. Worship of the Golden Calf, though endemic in the free world, is piously decried; yet here were worshipers flaunting their adoration of that brazen god.

The production is adequate. Mr. Melvyn Douglas is often touching as the bewildered President (now, that is a real theme, by the way: the puzzled man thrust into a world he does not comprehend: ". . . I'm not an expert in this but I think, uh, maybe . . ." After the last seven years any of us could make something out of that). If I have any quarrel with Mr. Douglas's characterization, it is the laugh. One of the faults (or perhaps it is a virtue) of the Commercialites is that they do not take their characters from life but from other commercial plays. Fatuous politicians *always* smoke cigars and laugh genially. Therefore, since he is most fatuous of all, Mr. Douglas must chuckle like a hyena through nearly every phrase. I am sure that even our electorate with its passion for mediocrity would think twice before voting such a cretin into the Presidency.

At no point does the play betray any familiarity with politicians. Mr. Douglas at times seems more like a simple-minded movie star surrounded by conniving agents and producers somewhat in the manner of *The Big Knife*. The dialogue is all wrong. "Has somebody got a number on Rutherford B. Hayes?" asks an ancient judge in a phrase that is pure 1950's show business: MCA, not the White House. Also, we have one pol address another pol as "*Mr.* Senator," and so on. The one distinguished thing about the production is Mr. E. G. Marshall as the Attorney General; he continues to be one of the more satisfying actors of our time. The direction of George Roy Hill, though vague about the milieu, is not bad despite his tendency to get actors in a long, sullen line with nothing to do.

And yet, all in all, one is grateful to the Commercialites for dealing with politics at all. Though they tell us nothing and though the pleasure they give us is mechanical and calculated, at least they have moved out of the world of small private relations informed by psychoanalysis which in recent years has made so much of our theater boring. The Commercialites are shrewd analysts, forever studying the audience, devising new ways of exploiting the obvious, always on the lookout for a "property" that will "go." The fact that Lawrence and Lee have taken soundings and decided that the audience might accept a political cartoon, neutrally rendered, is a splendid bit of sleuthing and a good omen—even pleasurable!

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BOOKS

Strange Gods on Capitol Hill

IRVING KRISTOL

ADVISE AND CONSENT, by Allen Drury. *Doubleday. $5.75.*

This extraordinary book has received much attention, as befits a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, a best-seller, and one that has had glowing reviews, many of them from Mr. Drury's fellow newsmen in Washington (where he is a member of the New York *Times* bureau). Yet nothing had prepared me for the discovery of how truly extraordinary it is. Not as a compendious novel, not even as a commentary on Washington politics, but as a glancing revelation of what has happened, and is happening, to the idea of the American democracy.

Of the literary quality of the book, the less said the kinder. It is bespotted with *Time* jargon ("In the same spirit dapper, ironically gracious Jack McLaughlin of Georgia has also decided to be on hand, along with busy, bustling little Dick McIntyre of Idaho and quiet-spoken, steady John H. Baker of Kentucky") and press-conference syntax ("This lean-faced, dignified, graying, perceptive man exposed to his countrymen in the fateful moment when he moved to the ofttimes terrifying isolation of the congressional witness stand looked ready for anything"). And when it is not clumsy it is slick; though the middle section, dealing with a homosexual episode in Senator Brigham Anderson's life, its exposure, and his suicide, has an occasional compassion and sensitivity that are genuinely affecting.

NONE OF THIS, however, matters a great deal, it must be admitted. *Advise and Consent* is basically a courtroom melodrama—the plot revolves around the nomination of a new Secretary of State who was, for a brief period in his younger days, a member of a Marxist study group—and Mr. Drury contrives his scenes skillfully, with a sharp eye to the maximum in suspense and excitement. Indeed, it has a great deal in common with another recent and bulky best-seller, Robert Traver's *Anatomy of a Murder,* which is also barely readable and inexplicably engrossing.

Nor does the novel have the kind of journalistic appeal, the gossipy and iconoclastic exploration of "inside Washington," which one might expect. It is not a *roman à clef.* There are familiar faces, to be sure, but they are attached to odd bodies and given unfamiliar roles. (A notable exception is the savage—and one hopes unfair—portrait of a liberal Supreme Court justice.) The villain is a liberal McCarthy who is fanatically, mindlessly, and unscrupulously in favor of appeasing the Russians. Against him Mr. Drury directs the reader's scorn and disgust, thereby satisfying at one and the same time those who detest liberals and those who detest the late Joe McCarthy. The rest of the politics is similarly homogenized. Though the story is laid only a few years in the future, it portrays a state of affairs that could not be reached by any possible extrapolation of current tendencies, no matter how subterranean. It is often said that our two parties are becoming more and more alike, but it is unbelievable—politics and human ambition being what they are—that they should ever reach the anonymity Mr. Drury attributes to them; an anonymity at once literal—the parties are nameless—and so complete that the reader is never sure which senator belongs to which party, to say nothing of why. And it overstrains one's credulity to be told that there is a mass movement of Americans whose slogan is "We would rather crawl to Moscow on our knees than run the risk of atomic war."

My point is not that, in projecting American history several years forward, Mr. Drury is implausible, or even that he has his eye on (and aims to please) too many different readers and too many different prejudices. He has, after all, written a novel, and is within his rights as an author in creating a hyperbolic plot in a mythical polity. What disturbs is his clear conviction that his mythical Washington is the essential Washington; that the truths of American politics as he presents them are the irrefragable truths of twentieth-century democracy in America, and that these truths are of a kind Americans can tolerate, even celebrate.

THE TRADITIONAL THEME of the American political novel is corruption, not (as in England) the clash between the reforming spirit on the one hand and the dead weights of caste, class, and prerogative on the other. This is as it should be; for as Montesquieu pointed out, virtue is the principle of a republic and the vicissitudes of civic virtue may be taken to reflect the destiny of the republic itself. Thus, in Henry Adams's novel *Democracy,* a young widow—intelligent, wealthy, and lonely—comes to Washington with the hope of establishing a position in Washington society, and eventually of having a role of some kind in the highest political affairs. She is courted by the most powerful senator in the land, a man who may well become the next President. But in the end, she rejects him coldly after discovering that he had once taken a substantial bribe which caused him to shift his vote on a steamship-subsidy bill. She leaves Washington, shattered by her experience of political depravity: " 'I want to go to Egypt,' said Madeleine, still smiling faintly, 'democracy has shaken my nerves to pieces. Oh, what rest it would be to live in the Great Pyramid and look out forever at the polar star!' "

Mr. Drury's novel, sentimental but unmoralistic, is unique in that the problem of corruption does not arise at all. It is, as it were, transcended. In Mr. Drury's Washington, individual vice or virtue is a trivial epiphenomenon, the froth on the wave of history. His topic is the American political process in its entirety, not any aspect or aberration of it. And he conceives of this process as having, for its origin and end and meaning, power. His theme is power, and what it does to men who serve it. This is, of course, a moral problem of a kind, and has served as the basis for fine tragic drama, from *Corio-*

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lanus on. But *Advise and Consent* is no tragedy; the moral dilemmas work themselves out happily "in the long run"; this is decidedly an affirmative book. Indeed, power is not only the theme but the hero, not only the hero but the divinity. This is a novel about idolatry, an idolatrous novel about idolatry.

For Mr. Drury, the President of the United States is no longer a Chief Executive but a High Priest, with an ineffable *mysterium tremendum*:

"'For seven years,' the President said softly, 'I have had just one aim and one purpose—to serve my country. I have allowed nothing—*nothing*—to stand in the way of my concept of how best to do it. Nor will I now. I have just one loyalty, in this office, and it so far transcends anything you could conceive of . . . that it just isn't even in the same universe, let alone the same world. . . .'

"The Majority Leader felt for one wild second that he should turn and run, that he was so close to the absolute essence of the American Presidency, in the presence of a dedication so severe, so lonely, and so terrible, so utterly removed from the normal morality that holds society together, that he should flee from it before the revelation proved too shattering. . . ."

It is understandable, then, that a man "so utterly removed from the normal morality" should engage in a vicious act of blackmail in order to bend the Senate to his will. Mr. Drury does not condone this action, nor does he unambiguously condemn it. When one has entered that sacred realm of the *res publica*, such petty human emotions are ridiculous. What had to be done was done; what was done had to be done. We are elevated beyond good and evil.

The protagonists of *Advise and Consent* are not, to be sure, mere creatures of insubstantial and immaterial power. They do possess personal passions, interests, and idiosyncrasies. Yet all their random agitation only contributes to a higher necessity, an imminent reason of state. Whereas for Stendhal (and most modern novelists) the intrusion of politics into a work of literature is like "a pistol shot in the middle of a concert," for Mr. Drury it is the intrusion of genuine individuality—even if it is nothing more than a profound scrupulousness of conduct—that disturbs

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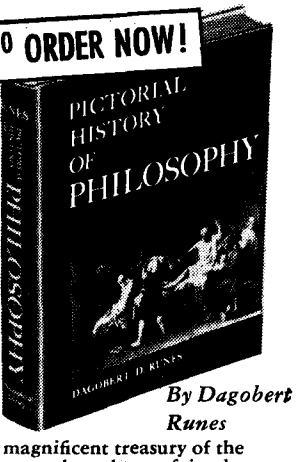

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the waters of his deep. Though, in truth, this does not happen very often in his novel.

IT MUST BE EMPHASIZED that Mr. Drury takes his Washington to be not a place where the American Dream has somehow gone wrong but where it has achieved its realization. Washington is a microcosm, not a mockery:

"... The strange, fantastic, fascinating city that mirrors so faithfully their strange, fantastic, fascinating land in which there are few absolute wrongs or absolute rights. . . ; their wonderful, mixed-up, blundering, stumbling, hopeful land in which evil men do good things and good men do evil in a way of life and government so complex and delicately balanced that only Americans can understand it and often they are baffled."

Could this have been what the Founding Fathers had in mind by the checks and balances of democratic government?—that an egomaniacal, blackmailing President should be balanced by a Senate of self-seeking prima donnas? But perhaps the Founding Fathers were naïve. Mr. Drury seems to be persuaded that such is the case:

"He [the Senate majority leader] sometimes wondered, when he was arguing earnestly with someone as vapid as Walter Calloway of Utah or bargaining with someone as crafty as George Hines of Oregon, whether those who began it all had foreseen the down-to-earth applications of their monumental idea. Sometimes he would come out of the chamber and walk past the statue of Benjamin Franklin, who stood just off the floor at the foot of the stairs to the gallery, fingering his chin with a quizzical smile, and wonder if old Ben and the rest of them had ever had any idea, that steamy summer in Philadelphia, that their brain child would develop into as practical and bedrock a human process as it had."

One suspects that, in their darker moments, they thought of little else. But it is hard to believe that their imaginings ever stretched to the point where such a situation would be accepted, presented, and applauded as the reality which sustains us:

"And surveying all these men, and thinking about them and about this old Senate which he had known so long and loved so much, the senior Senator from Michigan could not find it in his heart to be so concerned about his country, when all was said and done. The system had its problems, and it wasn't exactly perfect, and there was at times much to be desired, and yet—on balance, admitting all its bad points and assessing all the good, there was a vigor and a vitality and a strength that nothing, he suspected, could ever quite overcome, however evil and crafty it might be. There was in this system the enormous vitality of free men, running their own government in their own way."

IT SEEMS never to have occurred to Mr. Drury that this declaration of "democratic faith," commonplace as it is, happens to be repugnant to the democratic philosophy of government in which this nation had its origins. The picture of Washington given in *Advise and Consent* would have struck the Founding Fathers as the very epitome of a corrupt society; and this impression would have been strengthened by the fact that so many readers, and especially so many Washington correspondents, placidly accept it as an authoritative and fair report on how our government "really" works. For the Founding Fathers, unlike Mr. Drury and a great number of Americans today, were aware that "the vitality of free men" does not necessarily serve the true ends of popular government. Madison condemned as "faction" a group united by passion, interest, and the lust for power, rather than by a rational concern for the common good. Mr. Drury converts the entire body politic into an immense faction, governed only by a common desire for survival and a cynical acceptance of each man's "right" to lust for power and prestige after his own fashion. He then asserts that, because people are ultimately good, the point of convergence of their self-seeking interests will ultimately be good too. Faith of a kind this certainly is; whether there is salvation in this degradation of the democratic dogma is another matter.

Portrait of the Hero

GEORGE STEINER

JAMES JOYCE, by Richard Ellmann. *Oxford University Press. $12.50.*

A biography of James Joyce is a paradox. Every inch of his scrounging, secretive, arrogant, wandering life went into his art. The life is the work. Here is carried to a mad Irish finality Flaubert's belief in the supreme consecration of the artist and Mallarmé's cold boast that the purpose of the universe is the creation of a great book. Remember Stephen Dedalus's wild but subtle judgment of Shakespeare:

"All events brought grist to his mill. Shylock chimes with the jew-baiting that followed the hanging and quartering of the queen's leech Lopez . . . *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* with the coming to the throne of a Scotch philosophaster with a turn for witch-roasting. The lost armada is his jeer in *Love's Labour Lost*. . . . The *Sea Venture* comes home from Bermudas and the play Renan admired is written with Patsy Caliban, our American cousin."

Precisely Joyce's method. All events brought grist to his mill, every last minute speck of experience, lived, heard of, read, or drawn with insidious patience out of other men's remembrance. Nothing slipped through the tight mesh of that great net: no name glimpsed on a passing delivery van, no bizarre happening recorded in the smallest print of a newspaper, no joke told by that magnificent rascal Joyce senior, no ballad sung by a long-dead lover of Nora Joyce in rain-soaked Galway. All grist to the secret, cunning mill of the artist: the debt-ridden home, the superb Jesuit schooling, the genteel starvation, the years of peregrine life in Trieste, Rome, Zurich, Paris—and how Joyce would have delighted in the old, proper definition of peregrine: Of a wandering planet, situated in a part of the zodiac where it has

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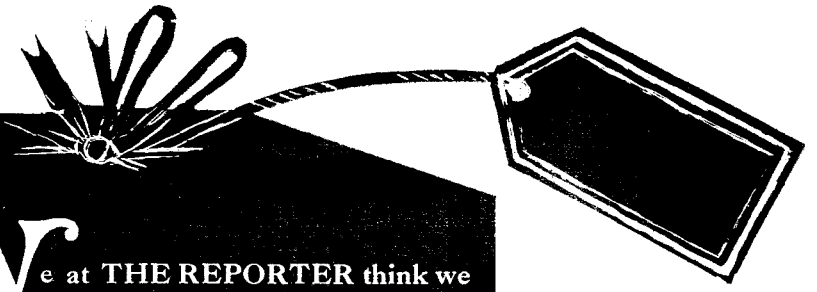

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none of its essential dignities. Not that such dignities were unimportant. Joyce was fiercely aware of his genius and demanded that it be given due homage. Where he turned down honors, such as the Irish Academy of Letters, it was solely because he would have shared them with others. But outward facts—unpaid creditors, the hunted existence of his family, the encroaching threat of blindness, even two world wars—were of no final importance. All that mattered was the integrity and perfection of the work of art.

And if the material circumstances of the Joyce ménage were precarious and unforeseeable (twenty addresses in ten years), the major work was neither. It has the quality of supreme order. The *Divina Commedia* and *Ulysses* are the foremost attempts made in western literature to impose a clear design on the chaos and totality of the human condition. Dante came nearer his purpose, but Joyce had undertaken the more difficult venture. For whereas Dante built within the firm architecture of an ancient faith, Joyce was sole artificer of his own world. He took, on the journey, signposts out of Homer; but the land itself was unexplored. And where Dante came to language as a renewer of a great Latin and vernacular inheritance, Joyce came as a rebel. He was not certain whether modern speech, exhausted by two thousand years of passion, lyricism, and falsehood, could be made fresh and precise enough to convey his truth—that truth being the private life of the mind.

We are so much Joyce-begotten that we forget the radical brilliance of his insight. Dostoevsky had come very near the verge. The true ancestor of *Ulysses* is *Notes from the Underground*. But not until Leopold Bloom set out on his long voyage home had any writer descended into the maelstrom of half-conscious thought. Joyce dove through the surface of grammar to where language leads its dark, chaotic, but immensely revealing life. Through force of poetic genius, he imagined what Freud observed (and it always irritated him that there should be a pun connecting his name to that of the Viennese). Thus, where the *Commedia* proceeds from order and tradition, *Ulysses* is built quite literally on the shifting chaos of private thought.

Yet is there any work of comparable scope in which we experience more constantly a sense of the artist's control? A virtuoso of literary form, Joyce combined two ancient but contradictory conventions: the spacious twenty-four-book pattern of the Homeric epic and the tight unity of time observed in Greek drama, the unfolding of the entire action between the rise and set of sun on Bloomsday. The vastness of the epic plays against the exact control of the dramatic action. Whatever the immense ramblings of Bloom's meditation or the soaring dreams of winged Dedalus, we know that the wanderers will meet and reach harbor at sundown. Molly Bloom's crowning monologue is both nightfall in Ithaca and the fall of the curtain.

HOW SUCH MASTERY in art sprang from so harassed a life remains rather a puzzle even after Mr. Ellmann's tremendous biography. But the life itself, all the grist for the mill, is now set out before us. The years in Trieste were lean. Like Balzac, Joyce invented mad schemes to raise money. But nothing quite came off, neither the plan to clothe Italians in Irish tweeds nor the attempt to

provide benighted Dublin with its first movie theater. All that remained to be done was to give strange, beautiful, un-Berlitzian English lessons at Berlitz, to beg money from other impecunious Joyces, and to draw on general account against the credit of future glory. With their fine nose for genius and suffering, the Jews among Joyce's pupils proved most generous. The humanity of Bloom is their enduring reward. The long fight for bare survival left its scars. Joyce drank in fierce spurts, and a night in a Trieste gutter may have been at the root of his later near-blindness. But the artist would not yield an inch to the hunger and ambitions of the man. *Dubliners* could have been published half a dozen times had Joyce consented to omit certain words or some of the fairly libelous references to his Irish enemies (he was a good hater and had an elephant's memory for affront). But he stuck to his solitary guns. This biography, therefore, is a portrait of the artist as hero, the heroism being characteristic of our time—private, abstract, tenacious.

It was Stanislaus who kept heads above water. Using for the first time the full range of Joyce's letters, Mr. Ellmann traces the relationship between the two brothers. Strongly gifted in his own right, Stanislaus was cast for a tragic role. He put his proud spirit into Joyce's keeping and saw much of his own life dramatized in the *Portrait of the Artist*. But when Joyce left Trieste for Zurich and Paris, he did more than travel north; he abandoned the world of the traditional novel for the *terra incognita* of *Ulysses*. Stanislaus with his classic temperament would not follow. Joyce did not forgive this failure of loyalty. Moreover, a new champion and provider had appeared. For on December 15, 1913, Joyce received a letter from an American friend of Yeats.

Mr. Ellmann shows how the intervention of Ezra Pound transformed Joyce's life. With Pound came shillings and pence as well. Also old clothes and shoes which another young discovery of Pound's, one T. S. Eliot, brought from London to Paris with aloof distaste. Taken in hand by the great impresario, Joyce found himself famous in *avant-garde* circles. A series of munificent ladies began contributing to the master's support (contributions which Joyce coolly accepted as blood money owed by wealth to genius). Despite the minor encumbrance of world war and recurrent bouts of eye trouble, these were the best years. Braced by the mounting tide of admiration and by the conspiratorial loyalty of his immediate disciples, Joyce hurried toward the completion of *Ulysses*. The alliance with Sylvia Beach's bookshop, "Shakespeare and Company," made noncommercial publication possible. At seven o'clock in the morning on February 2, 1922, a man leapt from the Dijon-Paris express and handed Miss Beach two copies bound in the blue and white of the Greek isles rising from the sea. Joyce wished to pass the night in

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festive disorder but Nora-Penelope took him home. The great argosy lay in harbor.

SIGNIFICANTLY, the vividness of Mr. Ellmann's narrative falters as we turn from Bloomsday to the night world of *Finnegans Wake*. From 1923 to 1932, Joyce quarried in an increasingly black and private mine shaft of language. As his sight dimmed, his ear grew ever more acquisitive and masterful. Through his darkened vision streamed rivers of language choked with half the recorded words of man. Even some of his most audacious admirers would not follow on this new venture. "It is unspeakably wearisome," wrote Stanislaus. "Nothing short of divine vision or a new cure for the clapp can possibly be worth all the circumambient peripherization," said Pound. The parts of genius in *Finnegans Wake*, the swift-flowing puns, the spells of pure wordplay, attain a luminous brilliance somewhere between speech and music. But the stretches of delight are short. More often we sink into a morass of verbiage. For a moment, in 1924, Joyce hesitated before the opposition of those few whose opinion he valued. But then he pressed on, and as he moved into remoter blackness, life itself seemed to withdraw from him. His daughter suffered partial insanity (the grim story is told here for the first time), and the Europe of which Joyce had been one of the master spirits dissolved into the nightmare of renewed war. But *Finnegans Wake* was completed, the last words flowing back to the soft music of Anna Livia. After that, as Joyce himself said, there was no place to go. The man died when the artist was done.

MR. ELLMANN'S is the definitive record. Later biographies will be footnotes to it. If the style is laborious, immense labor went into the making. Mr. Ellmann has been everywhere that Joyce has, and seems to have interviewed all who knew the tall wanderer with the thick glasses and the golden singing voice. Nearly every page brings new light. Nora Joyce appears to have known nothing of the Platonic encounter with Marthe Fleischmann in Zurich; Mr. Ellmann knows all. This is a great work of love and of scholarship if not of art (one thinks, by contrast, of the narrative power in Ernest Jones's *Freud* and Isaac Deutscher's *Trotsky*). It has the small defects of its eminent virtues, for it is too prolix. But these are cavils. Mr. Ellmann puts us deeply in his debt. Here is a book as massive as its subject.

Experiment at Etawah

SUDHIR SEN

PILOT PROJECT XX—INDIA: THE STORY OF RURAL DEVELOPMENT AT ETAWAH, UTTAR PRADESH, by Albert Mayer and Associates in collaboration with McKim Marriott and Richard L. Park. *University of California Press. $5.50.*

By far the greatest challenge before India today lies in its plans for rural development. Yet the movement for village reconstruction, after making heartening progress for some time, has begun to show signs of losing its momentum, and in some respects even its sense of direction. This while the population of India increases at the rate of some six million a year, at least five million of them in rural areas.

By publishing a full-scale story of the historic experiment carried out at Etawah in the populous northern state of Uttar Pradesh, Albert Mayer and his associates and collaborators have rendered a signal service. It is what one might call the authorized version of the experiment. Mr. Mayer and his associates have adopted an unconventional method for telling the story—they speak for themselves through a mass of reports, memoranda, and correspondence written while their work was moving forward; and the direct quotations have been linked by newly written passages, some by the authors and others by the collaborators. The profuse documentation no doubt adds to the authenticity of the account, and it brings the reader face

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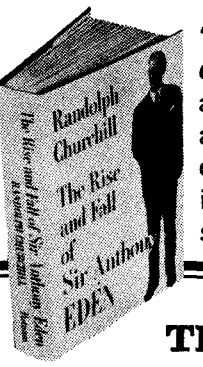

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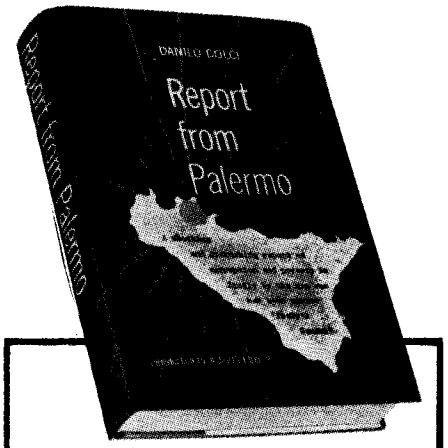

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to face with specific issues. Nevertheless, as the authors themselves admit, the very wealth of detail makes the account rather lengthy and repetitive, and certainly not easy reading.

THE BASIC PRINCIPLES of community development were by no means new in India. In a series of essays published in the early years of the century, they had been set forth with remarkable clarity and foresight by the poet Rabindranath Tagore, whose name, incidentally, one misses in this book. In 1920, to translate his own ideas into practice, the poet initiated at Sriniketan, next door to his university, what in effect was the first community development project in India. But, however sound Tagore's ideas may have been, the country was not yet ready to accept them.

About the time Tagore launched his project came the great national upheaval under the leadership of Gandhi. Village reconstruction suddenly became a major plank in the Congress Party's platform. In the early days the program was dominated by hand spinning and hand weaving, to which at a later stage were added a few other cottage industries like rice husking and oil pressing. Thus to all intents and purposes it became a romantic movement. The rural areas were invaded by an amateur army of "do-gooders," clad in the white coarse beauty of *khadi* or in hand-woven fabric made out of hand-spun yarn. As a rule, the villagers had little use for them.

In the half century preceding Etawah, the finest examples of rural work were set up by a handful of able and energetic civil servants. The results achieved were substantial, but the work was inevitably confined to a few scattered pockets in India; and in addition it suffered from a built-in weakness—inadequate stimulation of self-help, without which no results could be lasting.

Thus, the idea of rural reconstruction had been in the air long before Etawah was conceived as a pilot project. What Mr. Mayer and his associates did was to produce a synthesis that, for the first time, included science, economics, psychology, good administration, and social service. Then they proceeded to apply it, patiently and systematically, to one limited area.

Mr. Mayer knew that reliance on the saintly type of Gandhi's followers would not be a good policy if only because there would not be enough of them. He chose rather to depend on "people of whom we could expect a great deal, but not impossibly much." He recognized the importance of creating an economic and productive base for rural development instead of setting up model villages "artificially pushed as one separate endeavor of which the nation could not afford too many examples." He laid emphasis on discovering *felt* needs and on gearing efforts to their satisfaction, both for showing quick results and as a means of winning the villagers' confidence.

For personnel, Mr. Mayer's first preoccupation was to bring about an optimum combination of foreign experience and indigenous talent. Three American experts were assigned to the job, one of whom served for one year, the others for two. Thereafter, the only foreign expert was Mr. Mayer himself, serving as consultant and visiting India for several months each year. The rest of the staff consisted of hand-picked Indians who were paid relatively attractive salaries.

The results achieved on the pilot project were impressive. For example, in one section during the six years ended in 1956, the area under wheat and potatoes sown with better seeds increased by almost a hundred per cent, and the yield by thirty-one and fifty per cent respectively. At least one rural industry made startling progress. In 1948 there was only one co-operative brick kiln in the whole of Uttar Pradesh; five years later the industry had 520 units, providing employment to more than 42,000 persons directly and 100,000 indirectly, and turning out more than a billion bricks annually, valued at twenty million rupees or $4.2 million.

In October, 1952, only four years after the launching of the pilot project, there came a historic turning point—the government formally embarked upon the so-called national extension and community-development program. The magnitude of

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the venture can be gauged from the fact that by March, 1956, the program was to comprise 123,000 villages with a population of eighty million. The program for the second Five-Year Plan beginning April 1, 1956, was conceived in even bolder terms. Well might the authors of the pilot project say: "What the Rochdale experiment in England is to the world's co-operative movement, what the Tennessee Valley Authority is to the integrated exploitation of the world's great watersheds, this the Etawah project has fast become to the movement for revitalizing the ways of life of the world's peasantry."

THE JUXTAPOSITION of Etawah with Rochdale and TVA is interesting. Here is a case of similarity with some difference. The Rochdale experiment grew into a people's movement—it multiplied because it captured their imagination. The impulse for the rapid expansion of community-development projects in India came almost completely from above. New projects sprang up in the country, not because the people as such were sold on the Etawah idea but because the government, all of a sudden, decided to introduce them.

All this filled Mr. Mayer with misgivings, if not dismay. In his judgment the National Extension Service projects were inadequate in systematic planning, thoroughness, and follow-up. Starting a large number of projects on exact dates in accordance with official orders, but regardless of the availability of trained manpower or established supply lines, made little sense in his eyes.

This brings us close to the heart of the problem—a conflict between speed and quality. For a number of reasons India has been under a compulsion to show quick results. To rely on the pilot-project approach for several years was inordinately time-consuming. The story here is essentially the same as in several other fields—too little followed by too much, complacency and delays followed by outbursts of bold planning, which in turn has greatly aggravated the stresses and strains imposed on the nation.

Nevertheless, a vast network of National Extension Service and community-development projects has been created, and they have come to symbolize a new hope in the country. There can be no question of going back on what has already happened. The only question now is how to raise quality and performance.

TO REVITALIZE the community-development projects, it is necessary, among other things, to resist the temptation to relapse into another phase of economic romanticism. The latest symptom of this inner urge is the emphasis that is now being laid on co-operative farming. The co-operative movement in India has long been in the doldrums; its performance has been disappointing even in such far simpler fields as credit, purchase of seeds and fertilizers, and sale of crops.

The standard reply of the romantic school is that we must experiment with new ideas and learn by our own mistakes. But must we? Even in normal times experiments on poor hypotheses would be hard to justify, far more so when time itself is in short supply. For India it is most vital to learn from the experience of others how to minimize the use of the trial-and-error method, and to concentrate experiments only on the most promising hypotheses.

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Poets in the Parsonage

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

TWO GENTLE MEN: THE LIVES OF GEORGE HERBERT AND ROBERT HERRICK, by Marchette Chute. *Dutton. $5.*

Herbert and Herrick slumber in the anthologies on that shelf where if Volume II is there Volume I will be missing, but something will have to be done about them now that Marchette Chute has written *Two Gentle Men.* It will not be enough to find oneself able to complete Herrick's poem that starts "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may"—his *Hesperides* contains more than fourteen hundred poems—or to discover Herbert's

Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing,

marveling at the slowing down of that third line, so deliberate a craftsman's invention, so musical a device. Miss Chute's book will indeed persuade us to read these two seventeenth-century poets, the last of the Elizabethans, for the delight they provide; but it leads further than to aesthetic pleasure. We hear the lutes—both poets loved music; at times we listen to graver music in the great cathedrals; or it is beribboned ladies dancing or playing at shepherds and shepherdesses, Daphnis and Chloë; and the changing seasons are there with all the detail of the English countryside: the flowers and trees named by their familiar names; the swift-moving shadow observed as it crosses the field, the copse, the lake; the first snow; the snow melting in patches, the first spring morning. But there are other sights and sounds. These two gentle men lived in an ungentle age: Cromwell's men march in civil and religious war; a king's head falls. The age was as anxious as our own.

OF THE TWO, Herrick is the easier to understand. He loved poetry above anything else; he did not love theological disputation or war. His family sought to make him a goldsmith; what he wanted to work with was not gold but words. Released from his apprenticeship, he proceeded to Cambridge, wrote verse, drank with the best of them, sent incessant and ingenious letters home for money, and read law. He did not like the law. He entered the Church, but despite his many connections, he succeeded in securing nothing better than a country vicarage. The village of Dean Prior in the wilds of Devon meant however the enjoyment of that country life he had always celebrated even if he thought of it principally in terms of Rome and Greece. And although he did not like his parishioners and wrote savage epigrams about their uncouthness, it was in that peaceful exile from his adored Ben Jonson and London that he produced his best work. After seventeen years of residence and versifying, he was turned out by the Puritan revolution. At the Restoration he returned, but, with his work done and *Hesperides* published, there is no evidence that he wrote any further poems save for his epitaph on Sir Edward Giles and his wife, Mary, who lay buried in the parish church:

These two asleep are: I'll but be undrest
And so to bed. Pray wish us all good rest.

"The Church of England," Miss Chute writes, "needed a wide roof to accommodate two men as unlike as the saintly rector of Bemerton [George Herbert] and the somewhat pagan vicar of Dean Prior." For once, the word "saintly" is not used in too loose a sense. Although the descendant of a long line of warrior aristocrats, George Herbert was as intensely devoted to poetry as Herrick. He started with the same Renaissance addiction to classical forms and images, to Propertius, Horace, and Catullus, and he was a far more brilliant student than his contemporary. At Cambridge he was Public Orator, and after Cambridge he entertained political ambitions. When they were not satisfied he took Holy Orders. Izaak Walton, who admired Herbert and wrote his life, assumed that it was Herbert's political disappointment that made him a priest. On the evidence, Miss Chute shows clearly that there was no break in the purpose that animated Herbert from childhood to death: as a diligent student, as a loyal supporter of his king and his Church—his king viewed as the preserver of the Faith—and as a poet, Herbert sought only to serve God. The ways to do so were not clear; he was well aware of that:

My crooked, winding ways, wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live: for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee . . ."

But no sooner was he ordained vicar of Bemerton than the uncertainties vanished. With them, notes Miss Chute, went the classical jargon, the Latinity of his early work. Henceforth Herbert would write only English verse, with ever greater precision and ever more charitable fervor. As a priest, he wrote the hundred poems that compose *The Temple.* He showed them to no one until, dying, he sent them to his friend Nicholas Ferrar, the founder of the Little Gidding community Mr. Eliot has celebrated, who took them to the printer. Even the Puritans read *The Temple.* King Charles, Miss Chute tells us, studied the "divine poems" the year before his execution.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND country parson has not been overfavored in the image outsiders have of him. Roman Catholic doubts as to the validity of his powers along with Puritan certainties that he was playing Romish games set him in a somewhat equivocal position in which he would often be suspect of seeking firmer ground to the right or to the left, the middle road being so very hard to hold. Later on it is from the people who have taken him for granted and who have been fond of him—Trollope for instance—that the greater harm has come. It is they who picture him ever riding to hounds. If Robert Herrick shows only that the English Church could tolerate the presence of a poet, George Herbert proves that it can also inspire selfless devotion.

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BOOK NOTES

PRODIGAL PURITAN: A LIFE OF DELIA BACON, by Vivian C. Hopkins. *Belknap Press, Harvard. $6.75.*

"I think I have reason to say," Delia Bacon wrote her mother in 1821, "that God hath wrought a marvelous change with me [.] I rejoice but I rejoice with fear and trembling. . . . I thought I should never be unhappy again but little did I then know of the sorrows of the christian . . ." Delia was ten years old when she wrote this and living in Hartford, which, as she explained, was enjoying a "precious season." It had just been struck by a religious revival. Such conflagrations appeared periodically in New England during the early nineteenth century, and were zealously fanned by Congregationalist pastors as a way to check the spread of heretical Unitarianism. When the spark ignited in Hartford, Dr. Lyman Beecher of Litchfield was summoned to fan it. "The story is that the messenger reached Litchfield in the middle of the night, and roused the doctor from a sound sleep. Partly dressed, he strode about with one boot on, shouting 'Wife! Wife! Revival in Hartford, and I am sent for.'" Delia grew up to become a journeyman schoolmistress and a dynamic lecturer. She was hailed as a successor to Margaret Fuller. Among her close friends were the Hawthornes, kind beyond measure, Carlyle, Emerson, and Harriet Beecher's sister Catherine.

Delia Bacon is best known for her theory that Shakespeare's plays were written by a coterie of wits under the direction of Francis Bacon. Her pursuit of this idea led her to England, where she spent several bitter, lonely years preparing her thesis for publication. She died in an insane asylum, the relic of a brilliant woman whose life reflects the darker aspects of nineteenth century New England.

YESTERDAY, by Maria Dermoût. *Simon and Schuster. $3.*

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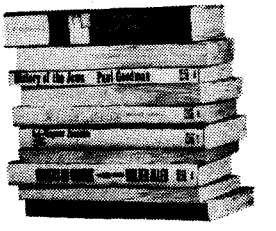

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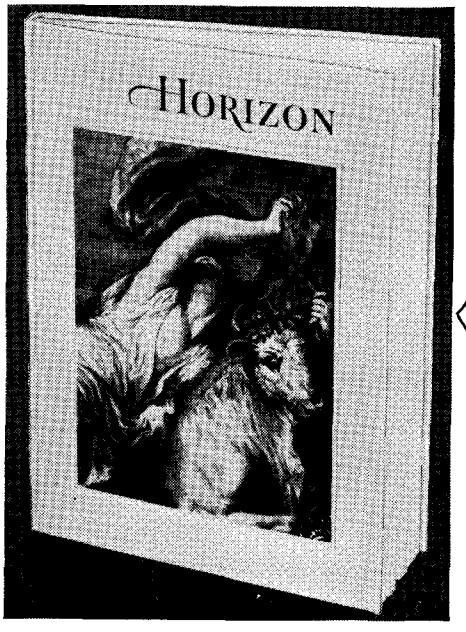

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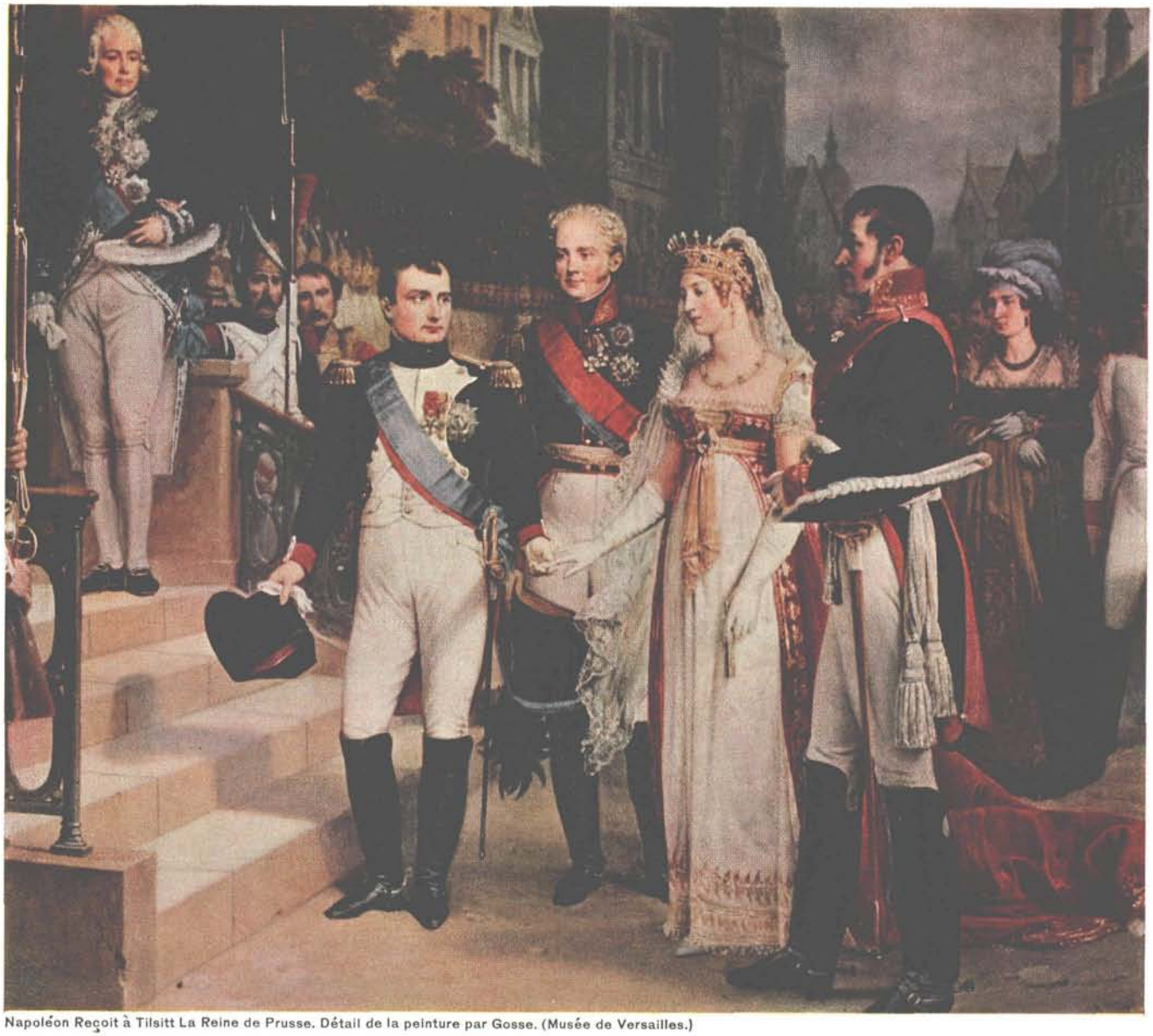

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